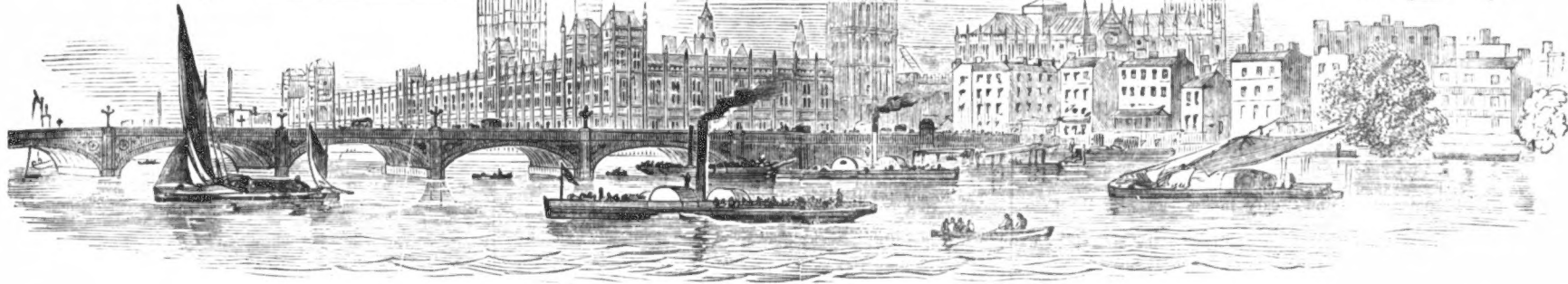


# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 10.—VOL. I. { NEW PROPRIETORSHIP  
AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

## COUNTRY SKETCHES.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE ARMOURY OF WARWICK CASTLE.

The famous old Castle of Warwick—the splendid residence of the Earls of Warwick—is situated at the south-east end of the borough town, on a rock washed by the Avon. Supposing the visitor to proceed on the high-road from Leamington to Warwick, the stately towers of this renowned fortress will meet his gaze soon after he has quitted the former place; and on reaching the bridge which spans the Avon in one vast arch, 105 feet in span (every stone weighing from 2,000 to 3,000 lbs.), the finest view of the castle will be obtained, reflecting its massy lengthened line in the waters of the Avon. Close to the castle are the remains of the ancient bridge. The history of this fortress reaches as far back as the times of good King Alfred, to whose daughter Ethelfleda the kingdom of Mercia, of which the county of Warwick formed a part, was given. The edifice has undergone many changes during the barbarous conflicts of the feudal age, and was the subject of siege and attack during twenty-one days in the time of the wars between Charles and his Parliament, of which the traces are still visible.

Cæsar's Tower is said to be coeval with the Norman Conquest. It is of irregular construction; and, although it has braved the ravages of time and the depredations of man for nearly 800 years,

still continues firm as the rock on which it is founded. This tower rises to the height of 147 feet from its base, and is also machicolated. It is connected with Guy's Tower by means of a strong embattled wall, in the centre of which is the ponderous arched gateway flanked by towers, and succeeded by a second arched gateway, with towers and battlements rising far above the first. The visitor should, before knocking at the porter's lodge, proceed down the narrow street adjoining it, leading to the Mill, and which contains some interesting specimens of ancient domestic architecture, as seen in our engraving below.

At the porter's lodge the stranger will be detained to look at the enormous bowl, about the size of an ordinary domestic copper, which is known as the porridge-pot of the celebrated Guy, Earl of Warwick, with the spear and other warlike weapons of that renowned champion. A long winding way cut through the solid rock, and trellised with rich luxuriant ivy, conducts to the great gateway, flanked by two towers, which opens into the inner court. The entrance hall is an immense apartment, extending seventy feet in length, with a richly-carved oak ceiling. The walls are hung with curious ancient armour, and other relics of a warlike age.

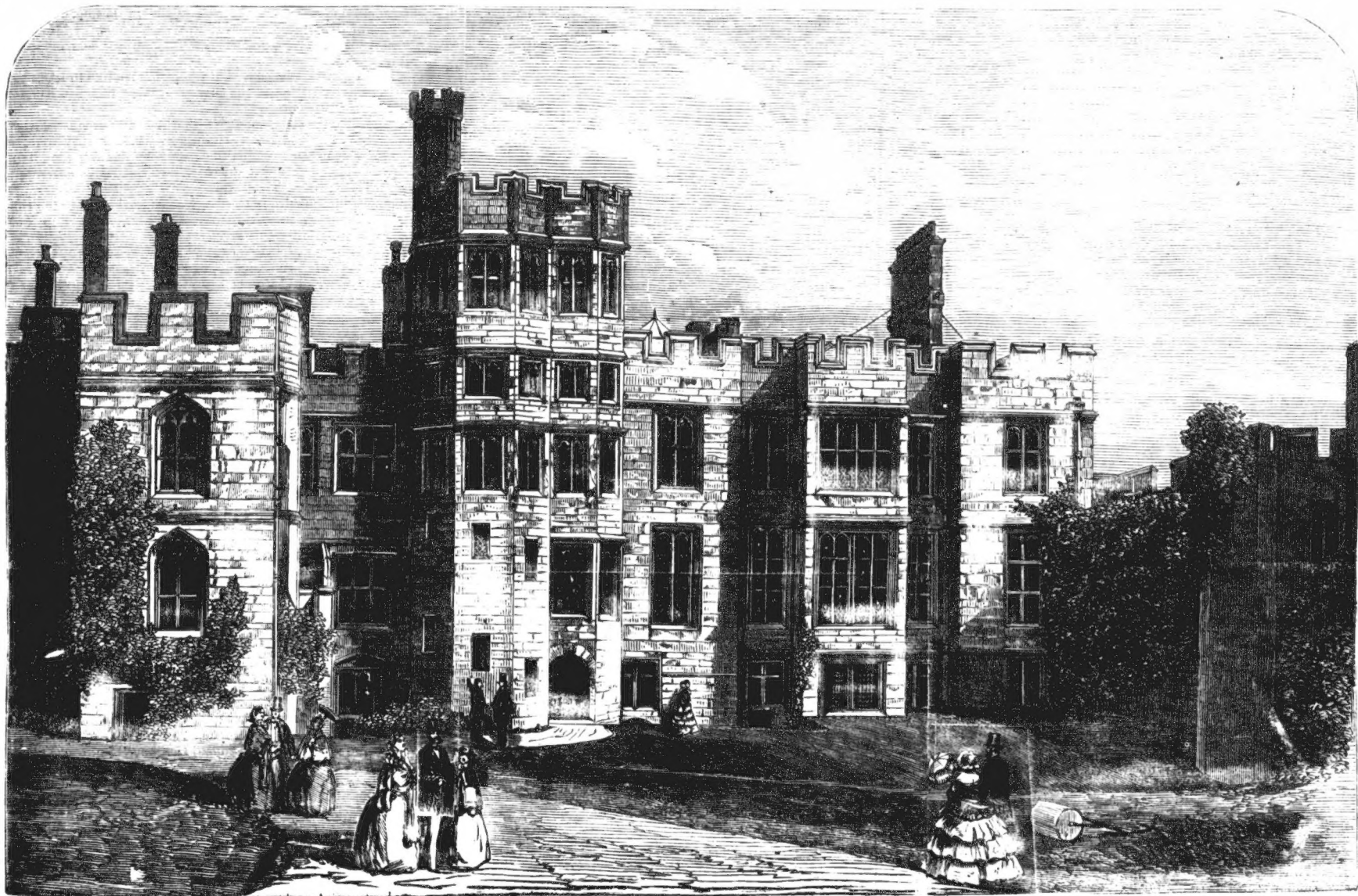
In two suites of apartments on both sides of this hall, is arranged a collection of choice pictures of the oldest masters. It would be

impossible to describe the immense collection of objects of art scattered in great profusion throughout the apartments, comprising costly garde-robes, cabinets, tables of buhl and marqueterie, vases and bronzes, with many veritable antiques. An object of much interest is the Warder's Horn. It measures just two feet two inches across, and three inches and three quarters diameter at the mouth. The armoury, of which we give an exterior view, also contains much that is interesting, especially a complete series of ancient bows.

The visitor, before his departure, should ascend one of the two towers, and enjoy the fine prospect that is afforded of the town of Warwick, the castle, gardens, and the magnificently wooded park.

The famous *Warwick Vase* stands in the grounds, in the centre of a conservatory, on a tolerably high pedestal. The effect of this vase, which is executed in the finest white marble, and is six feet eleven inches in diameter, is very astonishing. In magnitude, form, and beauty of workmanship, it is the most remarkable vessel of antiquity which we possess.

A walk through the park and grounds will charm the visitor, the eye being enlivened by the bright green of the trees, while the inequalities of the ground afford the most varied views of the gigantic castle, which towers above the wood



COUNTRY SKETCHES.—THE ARMOURY OF WARWICK CASTLE



# PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

## JOINT STOCK COMPANIES (VOTING PAPERS) BILL.

The object of which is to enable shareholders to vote by voting papers, instead of by proxies. Objections were taken by Mr. Walpole, Mr. Lawson, and others to the relaxation of the present law, which requires proxies to be delivered in 48 hours before the meeting for the purpose of verification; and, clause 1 having been negatived, Mr. Griffith acquiesced in a motion to report progress, so that the Bill, though not absolutely rejected, remains in a condition of suspended animation.

Mr. Ayrton moved the second reading of the Spiritual Destitution Bill, which, he explained, was meant to give a general application to the principle of his Bill for disposing of the revenues of the Finsbury Prebend. It provides that in the distribution of the common fund the Ecclesiastical Commissioners shall first have regard to the spiritual destitution of populous places, and proceed rather by the division of large parishes and districts, and the appointment of additional curates, than by the augmentation of stipends.

Mr. Howes moved the rejection of the Bill, on the ground that it would deprive the Commissioners of all discretion in the disposal of their funds for some time to time.

Mr. Beresford Hope supported the Bill on the understanding that it was not compulsory, but simply enabling.

Mr. Walpole, though strongly in favour of subdividing populous districts, and the appointment of additional curates, was opposed to compelling the Commissioners to follow this plan.

Mr. Powell deprecated unnecessary interference with the Commission, which was working well.

Mr. Ayrton signified his readiness to modify the Bill, but on a division the Bill was thrown out by 173 to 78.

The Sea Coast Fisheries (Ireland) Bill was read a second time, and after a short debate, Lord Naas, intimating on the part of the Government that he could not assent to many of its provisions, but promising to consider the expediency of referring it to a select Committee after Easter.

Mr. Adair reported from the Waterford Election Committee that they had agreed to a resolution, declaring Mr. De la Poer to be duly elected.

## THE BUDGET.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer in Committee of Ways and Means, made his Financial Statement. He reminded the House of the extreme financial peril through which we had passed since Mr. Gladstone made his calculations, he stated that, notwithstanding this financial pressure, the actual income of 1866-67 had exceeded the estimate by 2,421,000, being 69,434,000 as against 67,013,000 and this surplus he explained had chiefly arisen from the Customs and Excise, each item having produced considerably over one million more than Mr. Gladstone's estimate. The expenditure of the year was estimated at 67,031,000 but the actual issues from the Exchequer were only 66,780,000 showing a saving of 251,000, which, taken with the excess of revenue, showed a balance surplus of £2,654,172. Passing to the finance of the present year, Mr. Disraeli stated the estimated expenditure of the year thus:—

Interest on Debt .....	£26,000,000
Other Consolidated Fund Charges .....	1,900,000
Army Services .....	15,253,000
Navy Services .....	10,926,000
Civil Services .....	8,203,000
Revenue Departments .....	5,143,000
Packet Service .....	807,000

Total..... £69,134,000

And these would be defrayed by an estimated revenue of £69,340,000, thus produced:—

Customs .....	£22,000,000
Excise .....	20,700,000
Stamps .....	9,500,000
Assessed Taxes .....	3,500,000
Property Taxes .....	6,000,000
Post-office .....	4,650,000
Crown Lands .....	540,000
Miscellaneous .....	2,600,000

Total..... £69,340,000

Showing a surplus of revenue over expenditure of £1,206,000.

This, together with the dead weight annuities falling in, giving him a balance to dispose of, he proposed to reduce the duty on Marine Insurances to a uniform impost of 3½ per cent., except in the case of time policies over six months, which would be fixed at 6½, reducing the tax by £210,000. He further proposes to convert a certain portion of the National Debt into terminable annuities, and employ the yearly surplus until 1885, and pay off 24 millions by the payment of £750,000 yearly.

## THE EDUCATION MINUTE.

Mr. Lowe moved a resolution on the House of Commons going into Committee of Supply, expressing dissent from such part of the recent Education Minute as provides for an increase of the grants to primary schools, explained that his objection was not so much to the increase of £70,000 in the grant which the Minute would involve, as to the certainty that the greater part of it would be wasted, and some of it might do harm.

Mr. Corry defended the Minute as a step in entire harmony with the aim Mr. Lowe had in view in the Revised Code, and which was absolutely necessary to stimulate and assist the small schools, in which education was gradually becoming stagnant.

Mr. Powell also supported the Minute as tending to draw in a larger number of small schools, and to stimulate education in the higher branches.

Mr. Bruce regarded the Minute as intended to remedy admitted defects in our education system, and intimated that the attention of the late Government had been directed to them, and that they probably would have taken action much of the same character as this. The only fault he found with the Minute was that it was not sufficiently liberal, but its conditions were just.

The Minute was approved by Mr. Henley and Mr. Pugh, and opposed by Mr. Hatfield, and on a division Mr. Lowe's resolution was rejected by 203 to 40.

## THE TOOMER CASE.

Sir R. Collier called attention to the case of Toomer, convicted of rape at the Berkshire Assizes, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and in answer to Mr. Walpole's objection the other night that he was taking a novel and unconstitutional course in asking for papers, he referred to the cases of Lord Cochrane, of Frost, Williams, and Jones, of Jessie MacLachlan and Townley, where a similar course had been taken. He then went at length through the well-known facts of the case, maintaining that on the evidence

of the prosecutrix alone there ought to have been an acquittal, that the verdict was disapproved by the whole bar, and that the severity of the sentence astonished everybody. The case was peculiarly one for the immediate interference of the Home-office; but the suggestion that Toomer should prosecute Miss Partridge for perjury was absurd, as such a prosecution must infallibly break down.

Mr. Walpole, though disparaging the accuracy of many of Sir R. Collier's facts, declined to follow him through them, as he wished to keep to the position of complete neutrality which he had carefully maintained all through. He denied that the Home-office was a Court of Appeal in criminal cases. The duty of the Home Secretary was not to re-hear cases for the purpose of overruling the deliberate judgment of a competent tribunal, but to exercise the prerogative of mercy by way of mitigation of punishment.

After some remarks from Mr. Clive, strongly condemning the verdict,

Sir F. Goldsmid said there were differences of opinion among his townsmen at Reading as to Toomer's guilt, but all agreed that the sentence was extreme, and that no further light would be thrown upon the facts by a prosecution for perjury.

Mr. Neate pronounced the verdict to be atrocious, and sharply attacked Mr. Justice Shee for conduct which, he said, deserved the interference of the House of Commons.

Mr. Denman defended Mr. Justice Shee.

The Solicitor General maintained that the Home Secretary would have overstepped his duty if he had set aside the verdict of the jury, entirely satisfactory as it was to the judge, without a new inquiry.

## THE REFORM BILL IN COMMITTEE.

The anticipated discussion on Mr. Coleridge's Instruction drew one of the largest and one of the most excited Reform Houses of the Session. Before the order of the day for going into Committee on the Bill was read,

Mr. Locke rose from below the gangway, and, amid some cheering from the members around him, asked Mr. Disraeli whether, if the Instruction were confined simply to its first words "that the Committee have power to alter the law of rating," the Government would agree to it.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer answered by another question, — Had Mr. Locke authority to state that the latter part of the Instruction would be withdrawn?

Mr. Locke (who this time was more generally and decidedly cheered) said he believed that would be the case.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that it would have been more parliamentary had Mr. Coleridge stated himself what he meant to do, and he regretted to have lost the benefit of his speech. For up to the present moment he had been unable, after much study, to attach a definite meaning to the latter part of the Instruction. However, as it had now ceased to exist he had no objection to say, on the first part of the Instruction, that the Government had always been under the impression that the Committee had power to alter the law of rating, and Lord Grosvenor must have shared it when he gave notice of his amendment, and it therefore required no pressure, however gentle—(here there was a general laugh, followed with loud cheering from the Ministerial benches)—to induce him to admit that it would be for the convenience of the Committee that the Instruction as limited should be adopted. Mr. Disraeli added, with a significant air, that he would now fix the Easter recess from the 12th to the 29th inst.

The order of the day for going into committee was then read, up to which

Mr. Coleridge rose and said that, not having any great desire to change the Government, or to prevent the Bill passing this Session, he would withdraw the latter part of the Instruction, on the understanding that he should renew the subject in Committee.

The first part of the Instruction, "That the Committee have power to amend the law of rating," was carried amid loud cheering.

# London by Night.

## "SAM THE TANNER."

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT CITY BULLION ROBBERY.

BY ONE WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE CAPTURE OF THE BURGLARS.

ALTHOUGH a sergeant, I was comparatively a young member of the police force, at the time of the great robbery of bullion which took place in the city some few years ago.

Those who knew me said that I had been very lucky; and, truth to tell, I was more envied than liked; my only care was to do my best and please my superiors, who invariably selected me whenever an unusually difficult task presented itself.

Inspector Beckonfield—he is dead now, poor fellow—was a great man at Scotland-yard. He had been in the City Police, but some disagreement arose between him and Daniel Whittle Harvey, the then commissioner, which caused him to leave and join the Metropolitan.

Beckonfield had known my father, and did all that was in his power to advance me in the calling I had selected.

He was flattering enough to say that I had always showed an aptitude for detective science, and that he had no doubt of my being successful in the police.

But to my story.

I was lodging in the York-road, over the water. Being a single man my wants were few; and a couple of small rooms on the ground floor were quite sufficient for my nephew and myself.

My nephew, Tom Bannister, was about fourteen when his mother, my only sister, died and left him to my care. His father had always been a scamp, and was at last obliged to decamp to America to avoid being taken for a robbery he had committed upon his employer. His flight broke the heart of my sister; and with her dying breath she commended her boy to my charge.

Tom was a sharp fellow, and assisted me wonderfully. He was an excellent mimic—could change his countenance at a moment's notice; was excellent at disguising himself, and threatened to eclipse me before he was five-and-twenty.

It was about nine o'clock. I had been out till late, in White-chapel, and was not obliged to go on duty till the afternoon; therefore I was rather surprised to see Tom enter my room.

"What do you want?" I said, testily. It must be early, and I have not had half sleep enough."

"There is a letter from the office," replied Tom.

"Where is it?" I said, springing out of bed, and rubbing my eyes.

He handed me the letter, which I hastily tore open and read. It was concise but startling, and ran as follows:—"Stepney's, the

exchangers, bullion merchants, and foreign banker's, has been broken into and a vast amount of property taken off. Come up directly."

"What's up?" Tom inquired.

I handed him the letter.

"Sam the Tanner's in this," he said, when he had brought its perusal to a close.

"What makes you say that?" I asked.

"Because I saw him, the other night at the 'Duffing Guild,' in Houndsditch; and I heard him declare that he would wake up the Blues before long."

"Who were with him?"

"Bill Levey, the Jew, Muddy Jack, and The Alderman."

"You mean Sircombe?"

"Yes."

"A rum lot. Well, we'll go to the office and hear all about it."

I knew all the men whom he had mentioned to be incorrigible and thorough-paced scoundrels; they were, however, clever; and if they were "in" the burglary, I had no doubt whatever that it was skillfully executed.

Dressing myself as rapidly as I could, I made a hasty breakfast, and, taking Tom with me, walked over the old Hungerford suspension-bridge to Scotland-yard.

Inspector Beckonfield saw me without any delay, and, shutting the door of his private room, said—

"I have sent for you, Stepford, because I think you may be yourself some good by discovering the perpetrators of this robbery."

"I'll do my best, sir," I replied.

"It will be to your advantage; because the bankers have offered a considerable reward."

"Already?"

"Yes. Their loss is tremendous."

"How much, may I inquire?"

"They have been robbed of property worth twenty-five thousand pounds."

"Notes, or gold?"

"Both."

"Have you any clue to the burglars, sir?" I asked.

"None whatever—yet stay. I make a mistake—a jemmy was found. It is in a corner of the room, but I don't think it will help you much."

"I will take it with me, nevertheless, if it's not wanted here."

"You had better make haste, then, or the City police will require it. They are put on this job as well as us, and they are expected to send some of their cleverest men here directly to confer with me. You see Whitechapel, where most of them live, is in our district, and they are glad to consult with us."

"Yes, sir; I am aware of that," I replied.

"I have nothing more to say. Go to Stepney's, and make an examination of the premises—but you know what to do as well as I can tell you," continued Inspector Beckonfield, adding, "The reward is £500."

"I hope I may get it, sir," I said.

"So do I. Go in and win." With that he took up his pen and commenced writing, which I knew was equivalent to a dismissal.

Stepney and Co. occupied spacious but not commanding premises in Lombard-street. The shop had been broken into during the night, and it seemed remarkable to me that the constable on the beat should neither have seen nor heard anything for gas was always burning in the shop night and day, and it was the constable's duty to look into the shop every quarter of an hour during the night.

On making inquiry, I found that the constable was a man of good character, and that though he might have been careless, no one could impute dishonest designs or motives to him.

The firm of Stepney and Co. was represented by Mr. Stephen Stepney, who was rich, and could well afford the loss he had sustained.

But being of an avaricious nature, he did not like to lose a penny, and had the reputation in the City of making less bad debts than any one.

I went over the shop, and found that it had been entered from the room above it. Therefore the burglars, whoever they were, must have concealed themselves on the second floor during the afternoon of Saturday, and occupied themselves all Sunday in effecting their exploit.

After some hours' investigation, I could only come to the conclusion that the place had been most skillfully broken into, but by whom was an impenetrable mystery.

I returned to my lodgings tired and worried. The City police had been over the same ground, and told the press reporters that they had a clue. I could not say the same thing. I did not see a single thing which I thought would help me in the slightest degree towards an elucidation of the enigma.

When I reached the York-road, I found Tom awaiting my arrival.

He held the crowbar in his hand which I had received from Inspector Beckonfield that morning.

"Put that down," I said, "and look after the tea."

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"From the office. Is there anything peculiar about it?"

"Yes. Here's 'Sam,' scratched on the middle."

"Go along!" I cried, sceptically.

"Look for yourself," replied Tom, handing me the housebreaking implement.

I took it, and sure enough I saw on the iron, roughly scratched, the name "Sam."

"Only eyes like yours would have ferreted that out," I remarked, adding, "Take some sand-paper or a file and rub it out. It will be sent for presently, and I should not like to put the city police on the right scent."

This discovery made me feel confident that Sam the Tanner was "in" the burglary, if not the "putter up" of it.

The question which now arose was, Where could I find him? This I uttered half aloud. Tom heard me, and said, "I fancy I can spot him."

"What makes you think so?" I rejoined.

"I happened to see Muddy Jack's kid last night, while you were out. I happened to be on the prowl after nothing in particular in the neighbourhood of Gravel-lane, Southwark. I'd just got into the shadow of one of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway arches, when I saw Slimy Sim, as they call Muddy Jack's youngster. He was creeping along as if all wasn't quite on the square. I kept my eye on him and foxed him to an arch which was bearded up."

"An arch?" I ejaculated.

"Yes. One of the railway arches. There were some of the bricks loose in the wall, and a few twopenny nails driven into the woodwork; he scrambled up by the aid of these, and disappeared over the wall. Going cautiously up, I peeped through a chink in the woodwork, and with difficulty, saw a lot of fellows gathered round a pan of coals and charcoal. They were differently occupied



Some were cooking, others playing cards, others, again, smoking, and so on."

"Did you see Sam the Tanner?"

"I did not, but he may have been there for all that. It is worth trying to surprise the lot. They are a gang which would repay your trouble."

I looked at the lad with admiration. His instinct had led him to a haunt of some desperate ruffians, a few of whom were undoubtedly connected, directly or indirectly, with the authors of the burglary in Lombard-street.

After tea I had a nap, and when I woke up I found Tom with his hat on.

"Going out?" I said.

"With you," was his reply.

"I don't know that I shall stir out until to-morrow. I've nothing to do."

"But the arch. One o'clock's the time to nab them. They are all in then."

This speech made me reflect again. It was likely that the burglars would hide in such a place as the railway-arch was described to be. Who would think of looking for them there?

"I'm game to go," I exclaimed. "But I think we ought to have assistance."

"If so," replied Tom, who was always practical, "we shall have to share the reward. Take your barking irons with you, and trust to chance for the rest."

Tom had been reading some romances about highwaymen, and his ideas of capturing modern burglars—whom he held in supreme contempt—were of a peculiar description.

After a great deal of reflection, I determined to embark in the enterprise. If I could surprise the gang, I might find some of the stolen property in the arch; at all events, they could say nothing to my intrusion, the visit might be productive of great results, and could do no harm.

It was past midnight when we left the York-road. The month of March had been bitterly cold, and, though the snow had melted, the easterly winds tore up and down the streets in a manner suggestive of Siberia.

Wrapping our coats round us, we walked along in the shadows of the streets, avoiding the sickly glare of the gas lamps, only seeking to escape notice, for we never knew who was dogging our footsteps.

I had heard that some of the empty arches of the new railways in the Borough were used by tramps and other idle characters as places to lodge in.

We had just neared the locality which Tom had alluded to when the form of a boy creeping stealthily along became visible.

He was laden with what seemed to be provisions. When he reached the arch he knocked with his knuckles three times.

This was a signal.

A rope was thrown over. To the end of it he attached a few parcels, and they were cleverly drawn up to the top of the boards, which did not reach to within quite two feet of the top of the arch. At the top the parcels were taken possession of by some one apparently standing on a ladder.

The lad climbed up by the aid of the supports which Tom had said he had used the night before.

But, having spoken to those within, and received a rebuke for his temerity, he descended, and took up position close by, evidently being appointed to keep watch.

We waited in the darkness and the cold wind until we were nearly perished.

"He's off now," whispered Tom, pointing to the lad, who was Slimy Sim, so called from his being in the habit of getting a living by mud-larking in the river, as his father had done before him.

The lad, fatigued by a hard day's work, and, perhaps, influenced by the cold, dropped off. We could see by his head falling upon his shoulder that he was asleep.

"Now is our time," I said to Tom, "I will climb up after you. From what I can see there is light enough from fire and candles to enable us to recognise all the party. The other side is bricked up, so that they must be caught like rats in a trap."

Tom nodded his head sagaciously, and commenced the ascent. I was not long in following him. The noise he made in ascending aroused the attention of the inmates, and, when I reached the top, I found all were occupied in looking up.

To my delight I saw Sam the Tanner, Levey the Jew, Muddy Jack, and the Alderman playing at whist by the side of the brazier which held their fire.

Candles were stuck about at convenient places and intervals.

Piles of gold lay near each of the burglars, who were evidently playing high.

Round them, and watching the game intently, were a few of their associates, with whose faces I was acquainted, but whose names I did not know.

There was instant commotion when I was discovered.

The gold was seized eagerly, and stowed away in capacious pockets.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" I exclaimed, "Believe me, I am sorry to disturb your little game."

Sam the Tanner rose to his feet, and cried, "Curse you, what do you want here?"

He was a tall, powerful man, with a ferocious expression of countenance. I had always deemed him capable of the commission of any enormity.

He had, before he gave way to evil courses, been in a Bermondsey tan yard, hence his sobriquet.

"What do I want?" I said. "Why, I want you. I haven't come here for nothing, and Stepany and Co. will—"

Here a volley of oaths interrupted my further utterance.

Drawing a pistol from my pocket, I pointed the muzzle at Sam the Tanner's head, and slowly said, "I am about to take four of you into custody. The others are safe for the present. Any attempt at resistance may prove fatal, for I have a loaded pistol in my hand, and every disposition to use it if I need be. Besides, I may mention that a large body of police are within call. You had better yield quietly, and come out of your hiding-place without any difficulty."

Sam the Tanner spoke in a whisper to his associates. While he was thus engaged in deliberation, Tom lost his balance and fell heavily amongst them.

He was instantly surrounded, and, fearing that foul play was intended him, I lost no time in descending to his rescue.

By this move I lost the advantageous position I had hitherto enjoyed.

The jerk with which I came to the ground caused my pistol to go off. That some one was wounded by the discharge I could not doubt, for a man fell to the ground, pressing his hand to his side.

I had no time to observe more. Sam the Tanner and half a dozen others were upon me.

I was engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict

The odds were greatly against me.

In less than a minute I fell to the earth insensible.

A blow on the head, administered by Sam the Tanner who wielded a heavy piece of wood, had rendered me unconscious.

How long I remained so I did not know. When I came to myself Tom was bending over me.

The vault was empty.

The burglars had fled, leaving their provisions behind them. Some of the candles still flickered and flared. The fire in the brazier had been upset; but the live coals smoked and glittered on the ground.

"You breathe," cried Tom, in a glad voice. "I feared they had killed you."

"Not so bad as that, my boy," I replied, raising myself up on my elbow.

I found that my head was bleeding from a severe wound; but, though faint and ill, I was able to rise to my feet.

"You will have to find me some way out of this, Tom," I said, ruefully, "for in my present state I shall never be able to climb up that boarding."

"I have thought of that," he replied, pointing to a plank in the boarding which he had nearly loosened from its fellows by repeated attacks.

A few more vigorous blows forced it to fly outwards, and through the aperture we crawled.

Our walk home was anything but an agreeable one. I felt the disappointment I had met with most keenly.

Sam the Tanner would be able to laugh at me. There was only one bit of consolation about the affair, and that consisted in the fact that I was nearly sure Sam and his friends were the burglars of whom I was in search.

The quantity of gold for which they were gambling—the fact of their being concealed in such an extraordinarily out of the way place, showed me that they were the men.

I had my hurt dressed by the divisional surgeon; but I was rather pithy of reply when questioned about its origin by my comrades.

A week elapsed, and nothing more was heard of the great bullion robbery.

The newspapers said, as they usually do, that the police had a clue, which they were following up with their accustomed sagacity. The fact being that the police were at fault.

One day I went to Scotland-yard to see the inspector. He rallied me on my ill success, and then for the first time I told him what had happened.

"Ah!" he said; "if you had only been a little more liberal, and taken a few of your companions to help you, the whole of that precious school might have been captured."

Suddenly I went away. I had just got as far as the foot of Northumberland-street, when a young woman came up to me.

"Are you Sergeant Stopford?" she asked.

"That's my name," I replied.

"Can I speak to you?"

"Certainly; as long as you like. Come on one side, out of the way of the people going by," I promptly answered.

There was a bottle warehouse close at hand, and we retired into the yard attached to it.

"Now," I resumed, "here is a retired spot. I am ready to listen to anything you have to say."

The woman was tall and slim; her figure I considered very elegant. She was neatly dressed in a dark linsey and a velvet jacket; a thick veil obscured her face.

When she raised it I was horrified.

"Look at me," she said.

I did so.

Some one had struck her violently—not once, not twice, not thrice; her features were woefully disfigured by cruelty of the grossest description.

Her eyes were black, her lips cut, and her once fair skin dreadfully discoloured.

"In God's name," I cried, "who has done this?—a man whom you call—"

"Sam the Tanner," she replied, her whole frame quivering with emotion and indignation.

I now began to see my way. Now I understood why she had sought me.

It was the old, old story, of a woman's anger and a woman's vengeance.

"I lived with him as his wife," she hissed through her teeth; "he promised to marry me, but—it matters not. I will not go into my private affairs with you. Let it suffice that he has disfigured me thus. Last night I swore to be revenged."

"Quite right, too," I ventured to observe. "That is a very right and praiseworthy feeling."

She looked at me with an expression of unutterable contempt.

"No. It is cowardly," she said. "His treatment of me is a poor excuse for my retaliation; but I must do it—I must, I must."

I thought it best to say nothing.

Presently she resumed, "I heard all about your adventure with Sam and his friends a short time back, and loudly they crowded over it. It shall be your turn next."

"Where are they now?"

"That is what I am coming to," she replied. "Take this slip of paper. It contains their address. They are living a little way out of town, and not satisfied with the proceeds of the robbery—"

"Then they are the burglars?" I put in quickly.

"Of course they are. If you want any evidence against them on their trial I shall not be far off."

I could tell by the tone of concentrated hatred with which she spoke that she was thoroughly in earnest.

There is no more vindictive and dangerous thing in creation than a woman when her feelings have been outraged, and she knows that she can show her poison-charged fangs.

What did she care if Sam the Tanner got penal servitude for life?

She might cry her eyes out when it was too late. For the present she knew not mercy.

"What are they engaged in now?" I asked.

"Coining," she replied.

"Smashing, are they?" was my response. "I always knew Levey and the Alderman to be old hands at that. All the better. Shall have a fine haul. Have you anything more to say, miss?"

"Not now. Leave me."

"The address—"

"Is correct. Why should I deceive you? What object have I in pursuing such a course? Go!"

Waving her hand in an imperative manner, she turned round and walked away. Half an hour later I passed by the same spot, and saw her leaning against a wall, holding one hand to her eyes, and murmuring, "Oh, my poor face! my poor face!"

As may be imagined, I lost no time in acting upon the information given me by the woman.

This time I applied to Inspector Beckwith, who gladly gave me a body of supporters.

The address written upon the paper was one in the neighbourhood of Larkhall-lane. In a small street near there the burglars had taken a furnished house.

How they got it, is not easy to say. Probably they gave fictitious references, and paid a quarter's rent in advance, which is always a potent argument in the tenant's favour with landlords.

Here they carried on their operations as they liked, and were more at their ease than they were in the railway arch. Knowing that my birds were of a desperate description, I set to work cautiously.

Having found out the house, I drew a *cordon* of police around it, closing all the avenues and approaches.

Tom I had left at home, fearing that his daring disposition might get him into mischief.

Boldly knocking at the door, I awaited the result of my summons.

The door was cautiously opened, after the lapse of a few moments, by a person I knew to be Muddy Jack.

Thanks to a long wig, a thick beard, and a total change in my appearance, I was not recognised.

Altering my voice, I said, "It's all right, I suppose? Panton sent me; and if—"

The mention of Panton's name was quite sufficient to ensure me admittance. He was at that time the largest receiver of stolen goods in London, and so cleverly were his operations contrived that we could not bring his nefarious practices home to him.

Directly I got inside the house I felled Muddy Jack to the earth with a blow from a life preserver.

The noise of his fall brought his companions into the passage.

They were quickly aware that I had "planted" them, and were at a loss what to do.

After a moment's hesitation, Sam the Tanner came up and seized me by the beard, which of course came off in his hand.

Placing a whistle to my lips, I blew it shrilly.

Immediately the house swarmed with police, who entered it through every conceivable point.

Sam the Tanner made a great effort to escape through a window, but he was frustrated in his intention.

The conflict was short. Overpowered by numbers, the burglars all fell into our hands, and was conveyed that night to prison.

The principal witness, at the trial, against them was a pale statuesque woman—the same who had spoken to me in Scotland-yard.

When the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, Sam the Tanner raised his manacled hands, and swore by the most awful oaths that when he came out of prison, he would have a terrible revenge upon her.

But the judge cut him short.

"The sentence upon you, John Wright, alias Sam the Tanner," he said, solemnly, "is, that you be kept in penal servitude for the term of your natural life."

A gleam of ferocious satisfaction shot out of the woman's eyes.

The strong man was subdued.

This awful sentence had knocked the tiger out of him, and he was led away by the gaoler and his myrmidons, sobbing, in a heart-broken voice, "Oh, Molly! Molly! see what you have brought me to!"

Molly, as he called the woman, waited until he disappeared, and then she staggered, like one intoxicated, from the Court.

A few days afterwards we had a notice posted at all the police stations on the notice-board.

It ran thus:—

DEAD BODY FOUND.	
Where ...	On Clerkenwell-green.
Sex ...	Female.
Apparent age ...	Six-and-twenty.
How dressed ...	A grey linsley, black velvet jacket.
Name ...	Unknown.
Where lying ...	Clerkenwell dead-house.

I went to see the body from a motive of curiosity, and had no difficulty in recognising the body of "Molly."

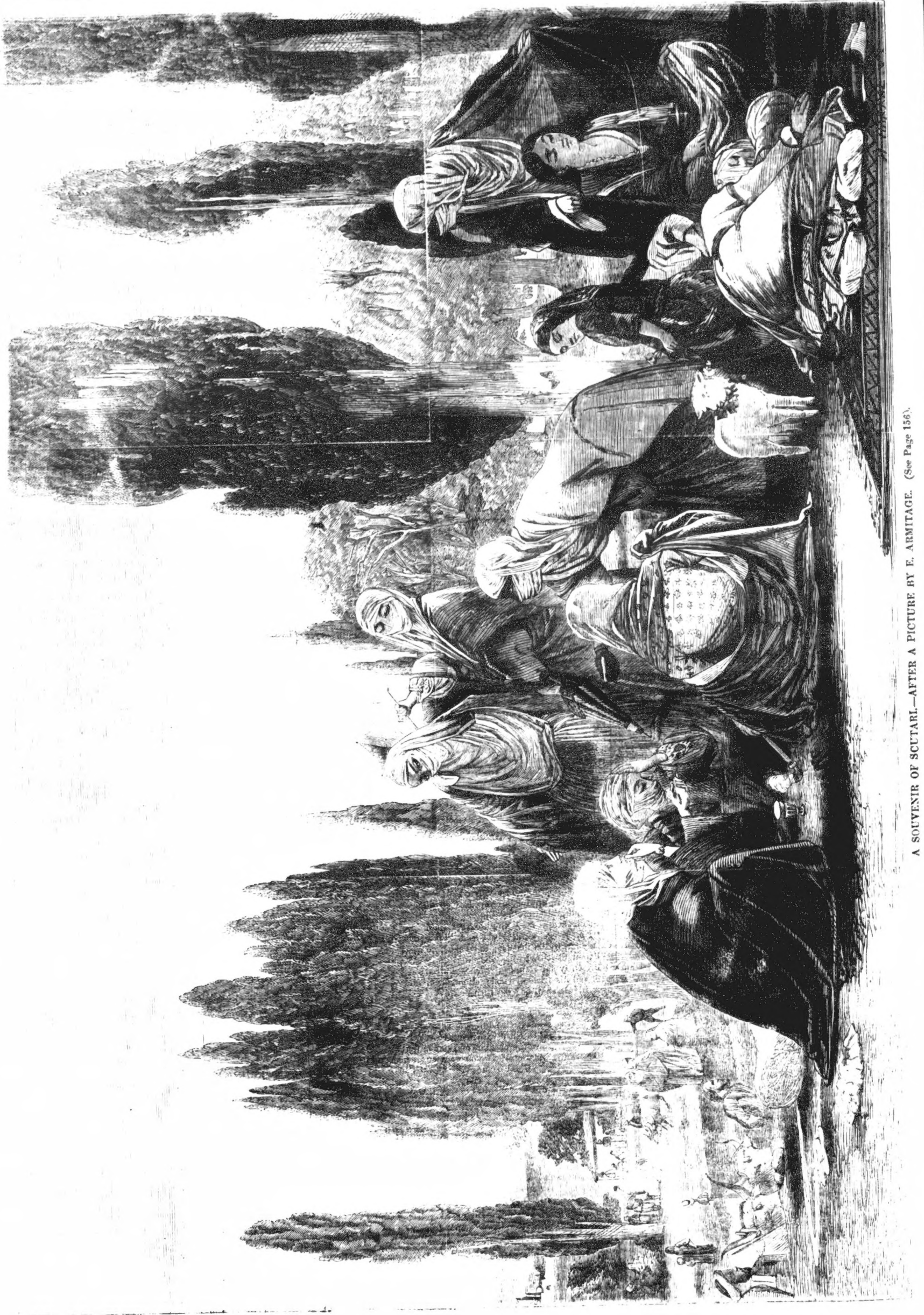
She had not taken poison, and the only apparent cause of death was "a broken heart."

HENCEFORTH no one will doubt the valuable properties of Dr Barry's health-restoring *Revalenta Arabica* Invalids' and Infants' Food, since to the blessings it has received from Invalids whose position was deemed hopeless we may now add that of his Holiness the Pope, whose health has been perfectly restored by it after years of unsuccessful medical treatment. We quote from the *Gazette du Midi*:—"Rome, July 21, 1866.—The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Dr Barry's *Revalenta Arabica* Food, of which he consumes a plateful at every meal. It has produced a surprisingly beneficial effect on his health, and his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly." This delicious Food restores good appetite, perfect digestion, strong nerves, sound lungs and liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity and energy, to the most disordered or enfeebled, curing speedily and effectually indigestion (dyspepsia), habitual constipation, diarrhoea, hemorrhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, all kinds of fevers, sore throats, catarrhs, colds, influenza, noises in the head and ears, rheumatism, gout, impurities of the blood, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia, irritability, sleeplessness, low spirits, despondency, spleen, acidity, palpitation of the heart, heartburn, headache, debility, dropsy, cramps, spasms, nausea and vomiting even in pregnancy, sinking, fit, cough, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, scrofula, tightness of the chest, pains at the pit of the stomach, between the shoulders, &c., atrophy, or wasting away of the body in old and young, saving fifty times its cost in other remedies. We extract a few more out of more than 68,000 cures:—"The Marchioness de Brehan, of seven years' liver complaint, wasting away, debility, nervousness, with a nervous palpitation, bad digestion, sleeplessness, and nervous agitation. Cure No. 1,771: Lord Stuart de Decles, Lord Lieutenant of Waterford, of many years' dyspepsia. Cure No. 49,832: "Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness, and vomiting.—Maria Joly." Cure No. 46,270: Mr. James Roberts, of Frimley, Surrey, of 30 years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, and partial deafness. Cure No. 51,846: The Rev. James L. Campbell, Fakenham, Norfolk, of "indigestion and torpidity of the liver which had resisted all medical treatment." In times at 18, 14lb, 2s. 9d.; 21lb, 4s. 6d.; 51lb, 11s.; 121lb, 22s.; 241lb, 40s.—Barry Dr Barry and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London; and all Grocers and Chemists.—Important Caution.—Beware of the many unscrupulous and more than sooty imitations to which, without authority, Baron Liebig's name is most audaciously attached.

You can restore health and strength without medicine, inconvenience, or expense by eating Dr Barry's delicious health-restoring Invalids' and Infants' Food, the *Revalenta Arabica*, which yields threefold the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburns, Nervous, Bilious, Liver, and all such ailments, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. *Second Caution.* Beware of the Holy Father the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Dr Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London. In times at 18, 14lb, 2s. 9d.; 21lb, 4s. 6d.; 51lb, 11s.; 121lb, 22s.; 241lb, 40s.—*[Advertisement.]*

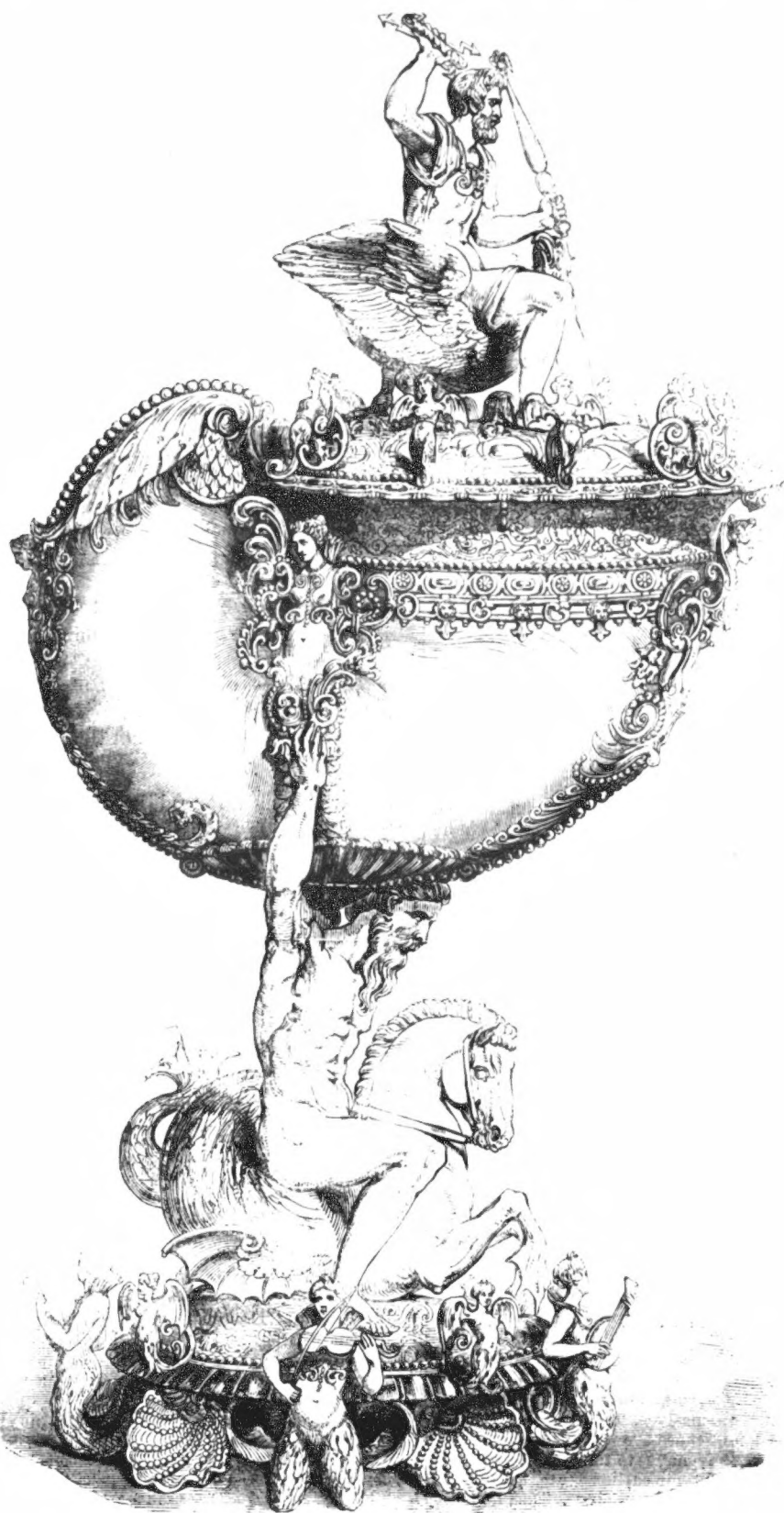
Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children's teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest, it softens the gums and allays all pain of irritation, it regulates the bowels, cures wind, colic, and acidity, and, therefore, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 15¢ per bottle. Full directions on the bottles. Office, 205, High Holborn, London. [ADVERTISEMENT.]





A SOUVENIR OF SCUTARI.—AFTER A PICTURE BY E. ARMITAGE. (See Page 156).





WORKS OF ART IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

## THE EASTER MONDAY REVIEW.

As the time for the Easter Monday Review draws near, we find the note of preparation sounding on all sides. Advertisers inform us that they have on sale "every requisite for the Review," and as to hotels, lodging-houses, stabling, and tents, there seems to be plenty of these if wanted; but a run down to Dover to look after some of these requisites enables us to state what the advertisers are very careful to keep to themselves, and that is the "terms." We regret to say there seems to be a great disposition on the part of the lodging-house people at Dover to make their money out of the Volunteers this year, in case they should not go again, and 5s. per night is asked for a bed; but we would remind these grasp-allers that the Volunteers are not at Dover yet, and if these high prices are still asked, they will get housed and fed elsewhere, and merely assemble at Dover in the morning, with well-filled haversacks, attend the Review, and be off back to the neighbouring towns without having spent 6d. a-piece in Dover. This desire of fleecing the visitors has no doubt been increased by the report that spreads through the town, that beds are not to be had at any price; whereas there is not one quarter of the accommodation yet taken. Lord Elcho has, with great consideration for his regiment, written to the Mayor to complain about some excessive terms which have been asked for accommodation; and though we fear the Mayor cannot stop the practice completely, he might, by publishing a tariff of reasonable charges (if even 25 per cent. higher than the ordinary ones), enable quartermasters and those seeking accommodation to know, that if asked anything beyond the tariff scale, they would be doing right in refusing to have any dealings on the higher terms. We would caution bed-seekers to avoid going to public-houses, for the publicans are hiring as many of the beds in private houses as they can get hold of, in the hope, no doubt, of getting an increased price out of the volunteers,

and at the same time making an apparent scarcity of beds in the town, to enable them to extort high prices.

On inquiring about the arrangements for refreshments, we found matters little better. Breakfast contracts for about 3,000 at 1s. 6d. each had been accepted by the committee, and were being allotted to the corps in order of application; but there seemed a great disinclination on the part of the bulk of breakfast-providers to accept less than 2s. per head, which, for bread and butter, tea, coffee, and cold meat, is an excessive demand. Where are Spiers and Pond, the successful refreshment contractors? Could not they erect a large marquee on some eligible spot, and admit the volunteers to tea and coffee and cold meat, &c., *ad lib.*, at 1s. 6d. each, at any time. The men could then get refreshment before the Review, and, what is equally important, get a substantial meal before starting on the return journey. Jennison only charged 1s. per head for the same provision at Wimbledon; and if Spiers and Pond are offered and accept the contract, they will have only to put up their names over their tent, and they will get an amount of patronage that will set the avaricious Dover caterers bawling their greediness. While we have thought it right to give these words of caution against extortion, we must on the other hand give due credit to those more considerate people of Dover who not only subscribe liberally to the guarantee and subscription funds to pay for damage to crops, &c., but also offer what accommodation they can at reasonable charges. It is not in our power to direct volunteers to the houses of these good folks, but we can say that they charge for a good bed in a respectable house from 1s. 6d. to 3s. per night, meat breakfast 1s. 6d., dinner from the joint, with pastry and cheese, 2s., and tea 1s.

The review ground is much more easily accessible than the Brighton one. The road to it, though steep in some parts, is a good broad macadamised road. The hills are chiefly covered with sprouting corn, though a good stretch of the ground is

under the plough. There will be a good sight for spectators, but the place for the march-past has not yet been discovered. The only flat piece of ground is in front of the fort, now in course of construction on the left of the Deal-road, but very few people could see a march-past if it took place there.

Where the troops are to rendezvous seems also to give rise to a good deal of surmise. There are no enclosures at Dover like those which were appropriated for the rendezvous at Brighton. The Marine Parade, Waterloo Crescent, and the Esplanade, are talked of, but nothing is decided; and we fear Colonel Erskine will find the subject of the rendezvous a *point d'achèvement*.

Brigadier-General Ellice, C.B., is talked of as being likely to command the defence, and Major-General McCleverty the attack. The troops likely to take part in the Review are the 13th Brigade of Garrison Artillery, under Colonel J. Elwyn, two companies of Royal Engineers, under Colonel Chapman, C.B., and part of the following regiments:—The 14th, 21st, 51st, and 101st. The 51st are Light Infantry, and the other regiments are Fusiliers.

The Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles are the only cavalry at present talked of as likely to take part in the Review, though the cavalry depot being at Canterbury, there would seem to be no reason why a charge of cavalry should not form part of the programme. We are glad to find that "some naval element" is promised by the Admiralty. Lord Henry Lennox, in his letter to Major Dixon, M.P., on the subject, says:—"If the exigencies of the public service will admit of it, they" (the Lords of the Admiralty) "will be happy to contribute some naval element to the forthcoming Volunteer Review." The Royal Naval Yacht Squadron will assemble off Dover on Easter Monday, and illuminate in the evening. The Channel Fleet is on the Irish Coast, keeping the Fenians in awe, but it is to be hoped that some gun-boats, and a frigate or two, will be allowed to add to the scene of mimic warfare.

Folkestone is not likely to be forgotten by the Volunteers, for the town is exerting itself to prepare accommodation and amusements. They promise a ball at the Town Hall on April 23rd, and the shooting men have been thought of, Dover and Folkestone having started a prize fund, and arranged a competition near Folkestone on Saturday the 20th and Tuesday 23rd, at which some handsome prizes will be shot for; but the programme is not yet settled. A special committee has been appointed at Dover to arrange entertainments; and it has been decided to give two balls and two concerts, besides some outdoor amusements. One of the dances is to take place in the Imperial Hotel, which is not yet furnished; but it will no doubt be well fitted with furniture, and visitors too, before the Review is over. The Apollonian will be one of the ball or concert-rooms.

On Saturday and Tuesday evenings, 20th and 23rd April, there will be amateur theatrical performances, the reading-rooms and Volunteer Institute will be thrown open, and the castle and fortifications will be open (by special permission) to the Volunteers and the public each day.

MILITARY SERVICE.—Count von Moltke, the Carnot of Prussia, the man "who organises victory," made a rather remarkable speech on the 3rd inst. A proposal had been made to reduce the term of service to two years, but the General affirmed that the short term customary in Austria, eighteen months, destroyed discipline, and that Prussia, under the three years' rule, had 664,000 men under arms *after* Königgrätz, a force at least equal to that of France. He held also that the feeling of unity between leaders and men, so essential to armies, could not spring up in less than three years. As Count von Moltke is the greatest strategist now alive in Europe, this opinion of his fixes in some degree the most expedient term of service, a point on which there is incessant conflict of opinion.—*Spectator*.



WORKS OF ART IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.







and by the ample folds of a magnificent crimson curtain falling in the background. The picture is a *replacé* by Winterhalter himself of the last portrait painted from life, now hanging on the Ambassadors' staircase at Buckingham Palace. This gracious mark of her Majesty's favour is enhanced by the fact that, while various busts and statues of the Prince have been bestowed on public institutions and corporate bodies, this is almost the only instance of a portrait having been selected as a memorial. The likeness is highly satisfactory, and cannot fail to be a source of considerable attraction to the gallery.

### OUR OPERA GLASS.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, Covent-garden, opened last week with the always popular *Norma*, Madame Maria Vilda sustaining the character of the Druid priestess; Madame Lemmens-Sherrington that of Adalgisa; Signor Naudin, that of Pollio, and Signor Attri that of Oroveso—precisely the cast of last season. It was in *Norma* that the superb voice of Madame Vilda first won the sympathies of an English audience. Her reception on the present occasion was just as flattering as on the night of her debut. The quality and resonance of her voice were displayed to the highest advantage in the famous "Casa Diva," with its brilliant pendant ("Ah, bello a me miroroo") the subdued enunciation of the slow movement, in which every note had its value, being even more remarkable than the vigorous delivery of the cabaletta. She exhibited great expression in the pathetic address to her reconciled lover, "Qual tradisti," and terminated her performance with a climax in all respects legitimate.

The Adalgisa of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, from a musical point of view, was all that could be wished. Signor Naudin made as much of Pollio as can be made of so uninteresting a character, and Signor Attri sang the part of Oroveso like a genuine artist. The orchestra, under Mr. Costa, was perfect throughout.

On Thursday, *Faust e Margherita* was given, with Mdlle. Panline Lucca and Signor Mario in the two principal parts, M. Petit in that of Mephistopheles, Mdlle. Morensi and Signor Guadagnini in those of Siebel and Valentine, and Mdlle. Anese and Signor Tagliacchi in that of Marta and Wagner. As usual, the scene of the garden was the most absorbing of all, and the acting of Mdlle. Lucca and of Mario seemed to hold the audience spell-bound. We have nothing new to say about the former's conception and execution of the character of Margherita. Disagree as we may with the readings of certain passages, it is impossible to deny that, regarded as a whole, it is quite as fascinating as it is original, quite as clever as it is piquant, and, above all, that it is throughout dramatically effective. Signor Mario was in full possession of his powers. We have rarely heard him give the "Salve dimora casta" with tenderer expression or more exquisite finish.

Nothing can be more French than M. Petit, the new baritone. He is thoroughly well versed in the dramatic and musical requisites of the part of Mephistopheles, and has a voice of quality and of power, a legitimate baritone-bass, not unlike that of M. Faure, to whom, however in histrionic capacity he cannot be compared. His representation of the character is nevertheless full of intelligence, and shows many marks of originality. His most successful effort was the "Dio dell'oro," which he sang with much spirit and energy.

Signor Guadagnini's Valentine, after the Valentines we have seen in London, can hardly be credited with more than ordinary merit, nor is his voice a voice distinguished by any very remarkable characteristics. Mdlle. Morensi was the same pleasant Siebel of last year. Signor Tagliacchi, was as always, thoroughly efficient in the small part of Wagner, and the same may be said of Mdlle. Anese in that of Marta.

#### PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

ON Saturday night, Mr. Robertson's new comedy of *Caste* the successor to *Society* and *Ours*, was produced at this house before a crowded audience. There seems to be a fatality attending this author, every piece he writes for Miss Marie Wilton's brilliant little theatre is a success, while those brought out at other houses turn out to be almost failures. The reason of this apparent fatality is probably, however, that the pieces he has brought out at the former, have all been written in the same vein of original comedy, a vein peculiarly the author's own; whilst in the adaptations and melodramas produced elsewhere, he has wandered far from the style most suited to him, and like others, under the same circumstances, has arrived at a different and weaker result. *Caste* is undoubtedly a success, and, as judged by an average London audience, a brilliant success. There are, however, one or two exceptions to be made to its general excellence, which prevent this comedy from taking the rank that otherwise it is entitled to. Its construction is the perfection of unity and simplicity, the first act passing in humble lodgings in Stangate; the second, in lodgings at the west-end; and the third and last, returning to the set of the first.

The Honourable George d'Alroy (Mr. Younge) has fallen in love with Esther Eccles (Miss Foote) a humble but innocent and refined ballet girl, and in spite of the worldly advice of his less sentimental friend and brother officer Captain Hawtree (Mr. Bancroft), and the warning held out to him in the shape of his drunken, disreputable, and vulgar father-in-law, he resolves to marry her.

In the second act we see the newly-married couple in their lodgings in May-fair. They are very happy together; but D'Alroy is under orders for India with his regiment, which is on the point of sailing to assist in putting down the mutiny, and cannot break the sad news to his young wife. His wife's sister, Polly (Miss Wilton), is sent for to console Esther when she hears of her husband's departure. Scarcely has she arrived when the Marquis de Saint-Maur (Miss Larkin), George's mother, who is married again to a French nobleman, is announced. She has heard of her son's approaching departure, and has come from Rome to bid him adieu. D'Alroy, who has kept his *mesalliance* a profound secret from his haughty and pompous mother, hurries his wife and her sister into a side room as his mother enters. The Marquis, prosing away over the glorious deeds her son is going to perform in India, is overheard by Esther, who swoons away as the news of her husband's departure for danger, and perhaps death, is thus unexpectedly broken to her. Polly screams, the Marquis throws open the door and discovers the two girls. Thinking that her son has outraged her by harbouring his mistress and his mother under the same roof, Madame de Saint-Maur is indignant, leaving, when George, whose chivalric disposition cannot bear that even a suspicion should fall on his wife, declares that he is married to the tainting girl his mother is contemptuously insulting. At this juncture Eccles (Mr. Honey), half-drunken as usual, enters with Sam Gerridge (Mr. Hare), a plumber and glazier, who is keeping company with Polly, and completes the disgust and discomfort of the Marquis. The curtain falls on the departure of D'Alroy with Hawtree, leaving the other badly-assorted members of his family with the feelings of grief, disgust, and drunken awe de-

pieted on their respective countenances. The third act shows us Esther mourning for the death of her husband, reduced to great poverty, and once more sharing the humble home of her father and sister. A son has been born to her, and all the love of her life is now concentrated on him. Her drunken father has dissipated the money D'Alroy left for her support, and she is about to accept a situation as a colubine, to support herself and her child. Eccles, unknown to his daughter, and chiefly guided by the desire to obtain money for drink, writes to the Marquis to ask assistance. She comes, but, as she wishes to take her grandchild away with her, Esther, who is as proud as she seems her assistance, and shows her the door. As poor Esther has now arrived at the lowest depths, the turning point is, of course, near at hand, and George accordingly reappears, having escaped from the Sepoys. His mother, softened by her son's return, for she really loves him, relents, acknowledges his wife, and poor Esther is at last happy. Polly is married to Sam, who has bought a business of his own, and old Eccles is sent off to Jersey to drink himself to death on an allowance of £2 a week. Thus all degrees of caste are contented in their various ways, though from the divergence in the denouement of the fates of the *dramatis personæ*, the audience is left rather in doubt whether *Caste* is a prejudice or a reality.

The exception that we have taken to the piece, as a whole, chiefly consists in this, that although the characters are admirably conceived, and most of them very strongly individualised, and although the story is simply and forcibly told, thus the author has shown a tendency throughout the piece to degenerate into farce whenever the action of some of the characters borders on the ludicrous. When the Marquis discovers her son's marriage, after the first burst of indignation, she sits calmly down, and on the entrance of Eccles and Sam, after being told that the former is her son's father-in-law, inquires "Who is the little man?" This is neither the language nor the demeanour natural to a proud mother, smarting under the discovery of the *mesalliance* of her son. Again, on the reappearance of D'Alroy, Sam, and Polly, convinced of his death, take him for a ghost; this is all very well, and in consonance with their position in life; but the author goes further, and makes them slip down and hide under the table, which is an incident you might expect in *Box and Cox*, but not in a comedy. These are blots that should be cancelled. As we have said before, we are left somewhat in doubt as to whether the author means us to understand that there is anything in *Caste* or not, unless we are to accept D'Alroy's dictum, that "Brains can break through caste's barriers, and what brains break through, love may leap over," as the keynote of the piece. In this case we disagree strongly with the author, as to the doctrine that it is right for a man well-born, and in the position of a gentleman, to marry so far beneath him as poor D'Alroy does, is not a lesson that we should wish to be conveyed to the rising generation.

In the pathetic and emotional portions of her part Miss Foote was admirable. Miss Marie Wilton has a part that suits her as well as anything she has ever played, and she carries out the conception of the author with wonderful boldness and at the same time minuteness.

Miss Larkin was too pompous as the marquis. There is a difference between a pompous mind and a pompous manner, which she does not seem to appreciate.

Mr. Hare gave an elaborate and wonderfully faithful portrait of an intelligent, vulgar, and true-hearted mechanic. It was almost impossible to realise that in Sam Gerridge, you saw the same actor who in *Ours* embodied so graphically the well-bred and impassable Russian Prince.

Mr. Honey's make-up as the drunken and oratorical public-house frequenter was capital, his acting was very good, with a slight tendency to exaggeration, occasionally. Mr. Younge had not a part suited to him at all in that of D'Alroy. This clever actor was out of his element entirely, and we do not think that his lip and occasional dundrargism of manner were an improvement to the character he represents. In conclusion, we must not omit to praise Mr. Bancroft's rendering of Captain Hawtree, the most thankless part in the piece; it was quiet, gentlemanly, and natural, and in its way—an almost perfect piece of acting.

### THEATRICAL TATTLE.

By the last advices, Madame Ristori, Jefferson, and John E. Owens, were all at New Orleans.

M. Edmond Pailleron, dramatic author, has been appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Gluck's *Arbre Enchanté* is in rehearsal at the Fantaies Parisiennes.

*La Reine Topaze* and the *Pré aux Cleres* have been played at Ghent, with conspicuous success.

M. Dumas fils has given free right to every French theatre to play his *Idees de Madame Aubray*.

Two new pieces have been read at the Palais Royal. One is by MM. Siraudin and Lambert Thiboust, the second by M. Ch. Müller.

Mr. Mackney, the popular Ethiopian delineator, appears at the Pavilion Theatre in Passion week.

Mrs. Scott-Sidons, the grand-daughter of the great Mrs. Siddons, appeared on Monday at the Haymarket.

*Hazardous Ground*, a piece adapted from Sardou's *Nos Bon Villageois*, has been produced at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

Saturday is the last night of the present season at Deury-lane, on which occasion Mr. Chatterton will take his annual benefit.

The first performance of *Mignon*, at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, has had to be postponed, in consequence of the illness of Mdlle. Moreau.

Mr. Edward Weston, late lessee of the music hall in Hildern bearing his name, is about to build a new theatre on the site of the Bedford Music Hall, Camden-town.

The Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, and Prince Teck occupied the Prince of Wales's box at the Lyceum, on Monday evening.

A new theatre, called the Theatre Rossini, has been opened at Passy, close to the Exhibition. It was built by a wealthy locksmith of the district.

Miss Fanny Morgan Phelps has played a six nights' engagement at Wood's Theatre, New York. She has appeared in *The Wild Irish Girl* and *The Bonnie Fish Wife*.

The present season at the Princess's will terminate on the 16th instant, but Mr. Vining will re-open it in September. There will be a short summer season, when Miss Glynn will appear in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Miss Edith Heraud has given a series of readings at the rooms of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts. Among the plays read have been *Macbeth* and *As You Like It*. The success of the readings was indisputable.

Mr. C. J. Phipps, of Bath, has received instructions to prepare designs for a spacious theatre, to be erected on the site of St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre. Mr. Phipps is the architect of the new theatre at Bristol.

Lady Don has appeared in two new pieces at the New York Theatre. The first is a farce written expressly for her, and called *Brother Rob*; the second, a burlesque of *The Colleen Bawn*.

The latest novelties at the Bouffes are *Monsieur Fanchette*, by M. Mignard, with music by M. W. Bordonni; and *Khan-Thoulou*, by M. Humbert, with music by M. Magner. The first piece only is successful.

The first new piece about the Exhibition has been produced in Paris. It is entitled *Les Voyageurs pour l'Exposition*, and is in five acts and six tableaux. Its authors are MM. Henry Thierry and Busnach, and the scene of its production is the Theatre des Folies Dramatiques.

Miss Oliver, on the occasion of the double event of the 139th night of *Meg's Diversions*, and the 100th of *Black Eyed Susan*, entertained the company of the New Royalty Theatre and some of her intimate friends, including Mr. R. Reece, Mr. T. W. Robertson, and Mr. E. L. Blanchard, at supper on Wednesday last.

The new and beautiful little Theatre Rossini constructed at Passy has been successfully opened. The house is spoken of as a gem. *A Passy*, by MM. Savard and Baralle; *Sur la Pointe d'une Aiguille*, by M. Moreau de Bouvière; and *La Dernière Vendette*, by M. Emile Thierry, with music by M. Schubert, were the opening pieces.

### THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE AND HOME FOR LADIES.

PRESENTED AT THE MEETING HELD IN WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, APRIL 9TH, 1867.

We desire to express our thankfulness for being brought through another year, and to appear before our friends and subscribers, to render an account of our stewardship. In taking a review of the work in which we have been engaged, we think of the burdens we have helped to lighten, and the sorrowing hearts we have comforted; still, we feel that comparatively little has been done, compared with what yet remains, in the work of helping those who are anxious to help themselves; and to relieve those who are suffering privation and distress. Still these objects have been, to a considerable extent, accomplished—360 applications having been registered free of charge, more than 100 admitted into the Home, and 14 cases of great distress relieved. Those in the Home have been provided with comfortable board and lodging, on the most economical terms, and all possible assistance to find suitable situations for them. They have proved their satisfaction by returning to it whenever necessary. Many cases of a deeply interesting nature have been relieved, and enabled to regain their position, £41 having been expended in this way, towards which £26 has been contributed. In this respect this may truly be termed a charitable institution.

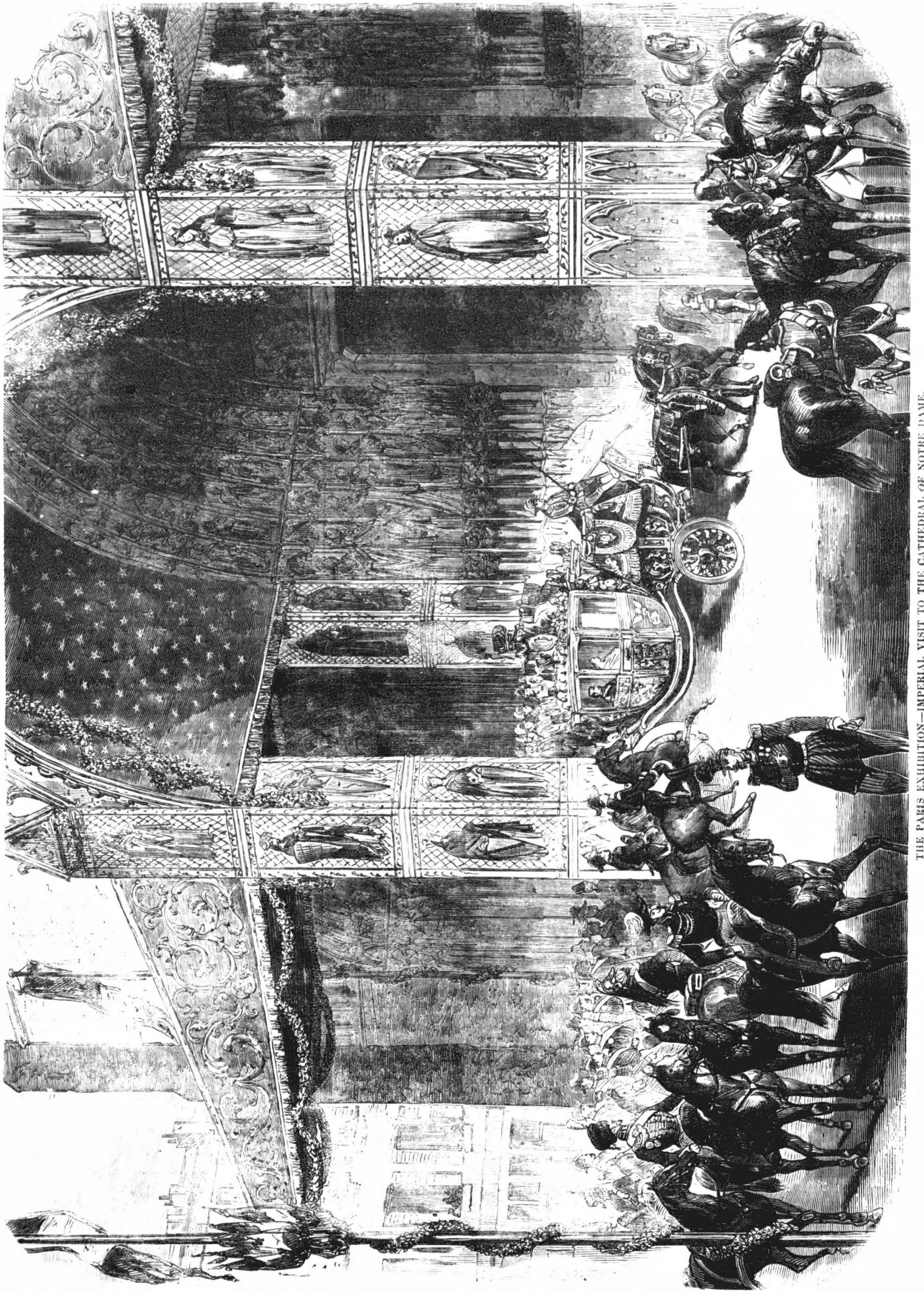
Very important changes have taken place during the past year, 1st, as to the additions made to the number of our patrons, whose names appear on our papers, who thus show their confidence in the objects, operations, and management of this institution, to whom are now added, Antonio Brady, Esq., of the Admiralty, and Sir John Walsham, Bart., of the Board of Trade.

We have also much pleasure in recording many recent accessions to our list of contributors from the ranks of the wealthy and benevolent; among whom will appear:—A Lady Friend, £20; Miss Duncan, £10; Lord Eldon, £5; C. H. Bousfield, Esq., (2nd don.), £5; J. B. Wildman, Esq., (5th don.), £5; Anon, Hants, £2; Anon, Malmesbury, £2 2s.; Mrs. W. G. Gibson, (3rd don.), £5; Miss Yat-s, £5; Miss Brodie, £5; Countess of Yarborough, £1; Antonio Brady, Esq., £2 2s.; Mrs. Van Hagen, £2; and, collected by Mrs. Delf, £5 1s. These examples will, we trust, be thought worthy of imitation by many others. If a few ladies would heartily espouse the cause, there can be no doubt that within a short time the institution would be freed from all its liabilities.

The next subject to be noticed is the retirement from the important position of Lady Superintendent, of the devoted and excellent lady, who, from the commencement took a deep and kind interest in it. This necessarily led to the appointment of another to fill the vacant position, when it was considered the most desirable arrangement that the Secretary should take up his residence at the Home, and that the internal management should be committed to Mrs. Teulon, which was confirmed and completed on Michaelmas-day last. Since then much has been accomplished in reduction of the liabilities. In furtherance of this object, a friend has proposed the opening of a subscription to purchase a piano-forte for the benefit of the ladies, and also to arrange a concert in behalf of the funds, the performers at which will generously give their valuable services. The payments for the year have amounted to £543 14s. 7d. The receipts to £176 13s. 3d., leaving a deficit of £367 1s. 4d., which has been furnished by a friend. The existing liabilities amount to the sum of £577 15s. 8d., arising from loans £364 3s. 6d., and outstanding accounts £213 12s. 2d. The most strenuous efforts will be made during the ensuing year to clear this off; and the generous contributions of the wealthy and benevolent are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the bankers, Messrs. Glynn, Mills, Curries, and Co., 67, Lombard-street; or by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. John Teulon, at the Home, 23, Euston-road, N.W.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw attention to sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsam preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospital).—see *Medical Dictionary*, vol. 2, page 1851. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East-street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farrington-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crisp, Cheap-side.—ADV.





THE PARIS EXHIBITION—IMPERIAL VISIT TO THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.



## THE LUXEMBURG QUESTION.

In the answer made by Count Bismarck to the Benningseu interpellation, mention was made of an offer on the part of the Dutch Government, through its minister at Berlin, of kindly offices in the transfer of Luxemburg to France. The manner in which the Minister President intimated that the offer was politely declined excited the laughter of the North German representatives, and their laughter has had an echo in the Dutch Parliament. One of the most distinguished members of that assembly determined, in turn, to interpellate the Foreign Minister, M. van Zuylen van Nyevelt as to the fact thus humorously alluded to, and as to how matters really stood. He was answered by being informed—Firstly, that there had been no actual negotiations between the Hague and Paris, but only an exchange of "feelers." Secondly, that, in the opinion of the Dutch Government, it was expedient, in the interest of Holland, to get rid of Luxemburg. Thirdly, that the price offered by France did not come up to the mark of its estimated value in the eyes of the vendor. Fourthly, that in offering their kindly offices, the Cabinet of Holland had only desired to show how completely they stood aloof from any immediate concern or responsibility in the transaction. Fifthly, that henceforward the Government would refrain from meddling, whether officially or unofficially, in the affairs of Luxemburg. This not very clear exposition of affairs may be taken to amount to this: That the King of Holland leaves France and Prussia to settle the question of the cession of Luxemburg, which he wants to get rid of, as an inconvenient appanage, and reserves to himself simply, when things are smoothed, to settle the pecuniary terms of the bargain. As to the Luxemburgers themselves, it is difficult to arrive at their feelings. They would not like at all to be incorporated with Prussia—that is clear. Count Bismarck admitted it. The commercial classes have held meetings, in which a repugnance to the cession to France was shown, as being injurious to their interests. On the other hand, the French papers assert that the sympathies of the inhabitants are with France or Belgium; but this can only be in the shape of a *pis aller*. They would most likely prefer the *status quo*, if it was not so inconvenient to Holland; and, failing that, would rather be French or Belgian than North German. A sentimental form has been given to this proposed transfer of a state from one sovereign to another for a pecuniary consideration, by placing it in the light of a sale of subjects at so much per head. But how this is a worse way of parting with the rule over populations than the effect of war, it is difficult to see. If cattle could elect whether they would change owners by sale or at the point of the borderer's lance, by exchange of the coin or exchange of blows between the contracting parties, the choice would not seem to them worth much consideration. As for universal suffrage, to carry out the parallel, it would be like appealing in the like case to a flock of sheep, or a herd of bullocks, and taking baa or boo to mean yes. In the meantime the very questionable state of affairs has afforded a field for operation on the Paris Bourse; and the most sinister rumours were freely circulated there, causing a corresponding depression in the various funds. The chief of these was the statement that the French Government had sent an ultimatum to Prussia. This has been contradicted officially in the French provincial papers, but both the *Moniteurs*, big and little, are silent on the point. Taking Lord Stanley's hint, that though the King of Holland recedes, the question may turn up again under a different form and new conditions, to be grounded, on

something, it may point to a remonstrance on the part of France against the continued occupation of Luxemburg by Prussia after the disruption of the Confederation, on whose behalf that occupation had been maintained. This would place the negotiations on a new footing, but France would not commence this course of proceeding at once by an ultimatum. The great amount of doubt and mystery which hangs round this Luxemburg affair, giving rise to the most confused and contradictory opinions, rumours, and statements in the French press, has led very naturally to a general complaint among independent journalists, at the state of darkness in which they are left, by the existing *régime* in respect to foreign politics. To conclude on this at present obscure subject, if it be true, as some assert, that Count Bismarck is willing to assure the independence of Luxemburg—that is to say, to leave the Grand Duchy tied to neither Holland, Germany, France, nor Belgium, and this be followed by the evacuation of the fortresses, and proper guarantees for the maintenance of this independence, France would in all probability adjourn *sine die* the project of annexation.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.  
IMPERIAL VISIT TO THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

The cathedral of Notre Dame is certainly one of the most interesting monuments of old Paris. A temple existed on this spot in the time of the Romans; on its site a church was afterwards built, about the year 364, and this was rebuilt or enlarged about the year 520. Afterwards King Robert, A.D. 1001, reconstructed it, and it was then called Notre Dame. The high altar was consecrated in 1182. The western front built by the bishop, Maurice de Sully, was finished in 1223; and the southern transept and the canopies surmounting the lateral windows were erected by Philippe le Bel, in the year 1312, out of the proceeds of the confiscated

estates of the Templars. The last addition was made by Jean Sans-Peur, Duke of Burgundy, who assassinated the Duke of Orleans, and performed this as an expiation of the crime. The sacristy contains three windows, decorated with the portraits in stained glass of 24 of the Archbishops of Paris, commencing with St. Landry, who lived in the time of Charlemagne, and ending with that of Archbishop Affre, who received a mortal shot on a barricade at the Place de la Bastille, during the insurrection in June, 1848; he is here represented on his death-bed. The precious utensils for the service of the church, the vestments, crosses, croziers, and mitres, nearly all of them sparkling with diamonds and precious stones, are shown; and among other relics the robes worn by Pope Pius VII. at the coronation of Napoleon I.; several robes gorgeously embroidered in gold and silver; a cast of the face of Archbishop Affre, taken after his death; the bullet which struck him, and the two vertebrae which it penetrated. It is pitiful to add that, after the mob had sacked the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, in 1831, they proceeded, led on by the officers of the National Guard, to the Archbishop's palace, which was on the south side of the cathedral, this they totally demolished, and threw books and valuables into the river; the damage they committed here was almost irreparable, as the splendid coronation robes belonging to Napoleon, and other dresses which he presented to the bishops, and which were on y used on that occasion, were all torn up, for the value of the gold embroidery with which they were adorned. The present Emperor was married here on January, 1853.

It may be interesting to state that the cathedral formerly had a peal of bells, only one of which is now remaining, in the southern tower. In

1632, in the presence of Louis XIV. and his Queen, it was baptised Emmanuel-Louise-Thérèse; it is now known by the name of the Bourdon; it weighs 32,000lbs., the clapper 976lbs. Another bell, named Marie, weighing 25,000lbs., was broken and melted in 1792, as also were eight others in the northern tower. The length of this church is 390 feet; width at transepts, 144 feet; to vaulting, 102 feet; height of towers, 204 feet; width of the western front, 128 feet; length of nave, 225 feet; the number of steps to go to top is 389. Behind the towers a new spire has lately been erected, 135 feet high from the roof, to replace the one which was pulled down in 1797 for the lead, which was converted into bullets.—Extracted from "Gowland's Guide to Paris."

"THE BOX" IN FRANCE.—A Paris correspondent writes: "The noble art of self-defence not being included in the programme of the Exhibition—much to the disgust of the P.R., no doubt—the representatives of the London boxing fraternity, who came over to Paris a short time ago, have installed themselves in the Champs Elysées, where they nightly astonish the Parisian *gandins*. *La Boite Anglaise* is getting very popular with the 'gay' portion of the French capital, the gloves being far better suited to their non-muscular tendencies than naked 'maulers.' They can't see the fun of black eyes and broken noses, and are quite blind to the beauty of a fair stand-up fight. The 'talent of the performers,' however (to use sporting phraseology), is not 'first chop,' and this fact, combined with the high prices of admission, does not augur well for their success in a monetary point of view. I must not forget to say that in addition to proving

Their doctrines orthodox, By 'counter-hitting' blows and knocks, these gentlemen announce in English on their placards—Boxing every day, excepting Sundays."—*Express*.



SCULPTURE IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



## Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY

CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the Second.

A WHITE HAND AT WORK.

CHAPTER VII.—A DANGEROUS AMUSEMENT.

I HAVE here to recount the history of an extraordinary love-affair, the story of a young lady's first heart-ache if you will; perhaps more properly the *premier amour d'une chatte sauvage*. There must, of a necessity, be a good deal of namby-pamby in a first love, which you, gentle readers, who are at your hundredth, must kindly excuse if I give it an undue prominence. How stale and silly do they not seem to us—those once delicious flutterings, blushes, and tremblings of fond expectancy when the loved one's foot-sold was heard upon the door step. Now we know what it all comes to; now we have played out the little game, and have found it—oh, so little. Still, we who are so wise, and have found so much happiness in our wisdom—there is such an amount of satisfaction you dreadfully young persons can form no notion of, in being grey, and bald, and world-wise—we can listen to the old, old story of love's young dream, and chuckle over its preposterously sanguine character; and here is the love story of Miss Jane Acre, pretty yellow-haired innocent. Nay, let us have a little patience for the brief hour of sunshine allotted to her. Hers had not been a very gay or happy life hitherto, and there are, may be, darker days to come, so we surely will not grudge her little hay-making. I, who stand, as it were, at the wing, with the play-book in my hand, and give the signal for what seems to you innocent ones the unexpected entrances and impromptu groupings; I who know who is to be killed and who is to strike the blow, and what horrors are reserved for the last act, when I am going to light the coloured fire I have got already by me at this moment, would fain linger over this happy time, and make much of it. One likes to read of those happy days when the shepherdesses, with powdered hair and patches, complacently played out their sylvan games and gambols in the palace gardens of Versailles, wotting not of the cruel time, to come, the howling mob, the *tricoteuses*, the tumbril, and the clever invention of Doctor Guillotin. Those times to come, when the heads, now seemingly made for naught else in the wide world than to talk nonsense, look pretty, or be kissed, should roll, upon the scaffold among the gore and sawdust.

Very early in the morning, with the early bird, whose reputation as a bird of wisdom is proverbial, and the worm, whose early rising was less profitable, Jane arose upon the morning after she had so kindly offered to sit up with the invalid, and, having made her toilet, thought she would go out for her customary morning's walk. She had not taken a walk the previous day, and, perhaps, for what we know to the contrary, somebody had been waiting and watching without avail, and had gone away at last in despair of seeing her.

This somebody might have been the serenader of two nights ago, who knows? Perhaps he had been watching the house night and day since that time when Jane had heard him singing so sweetly. He had been rather a fine hand at the spy business before now—at least he had practised it assiduously with no very important result. Perhaps he was practising it now; yet I hardly think so. I fancy it was quite by accident that he happened to come round the corner of one of the streets leading into the square at the identical moment that Miss Jane was coming down the steps from Lady Lad's house.

"Aha!" said Mr. Jack Jeffcoat to himself, "here is my little old-fashioned friend; now for a chat."

"Now for a chat!" You may observe a free-and-easy style about Mr. Jeffcoat's way of putting it. He was going, you observe, to carry all before him quite easily. The victory was already won, or as good as won, he had made his mind up; and thus, all-but conquerors have counted their victories whilst buckling on their coats of mail, and have lain dead upon the field ere night-fall, with their skulls broken in by some insignificant enemy's battle-axe.

Twisting the points of that pretty little moustache of his, and puffing at his full-flavoured havannah, our conquering hero, that was to be, came striding onwards to the music of a barrel organ which, by chance, struck up at the moment an appropriate melody.

Half a dozen yards in front of him was his little old-fashioned friend, a poor, pale-faced wisp of a girl, with no particular eyebrows, and colourless hair, unbecomingly arranged. She wore a wretched little washed-out frock, too short for her, boots too large for her, a spencer of threadbare velvet, and Lisle thread gloves. By way of finery, she had fastened in her bonnet some stolen flowers, quite out of character with the other trimmings, and she carried what had once been a very dashing parasol before the handle had been broken, and the silk worn out.

Really and truly such an old-fashioned bit of goods was this young lady, and of so demure and dowdy an aspect, that Mr. Jack Jeffcoat came to a sudden standstill, after having, in a prolonged stare, taken in the particulars of her toilet, and indulged in a fit of silent laughter.

"The idea of making gallant speeches to a thing of that sort!" said Jack to himself. "It's ridiculous!" And having arrived at this conclusion, he strode on again, more than ever determined to carry all before him. But having arrived within three yards of her, it suddenly occurred to him, How he was to begin?

When this idea first struck him, he dismissed it as rapidly, with an exclamation of contempt. What an absurdity! he thought. A man of his age, and with his experience of the world and of the sex, to hesitate about such a trifle—to pick his words and prepare pretty phrases. What should he say? Why anything that came uppermost. One thing would do as well as another. What did it signify, with a bit of a baby-faced chit of that sort to be talked to?

Nothing could have been more in character with the gorgeously-dressed gentleman than these notions of his own superiority, and they were, as far as they went, all that could be desired. Only as he drew nearer by another yard, the question came back to him, most provokingly, What was he to say?

It was all very well to make up his mind to say anything; but then, supposing his first venture were unsuccessful. An absurd supposition, yet just within the extreme limits of possibility. What was he to do, then?

His only hope of making her ladyship's acquaintance, and gaining admission into her ladyship's house, lay in his success with Miss Jane, and a stupid blunder would spoil all.

"I am sure if I could make her a present of a sugar-stick it would win her heart for ever," said Jack to himself. "Yet I can't walk straight up to her with the sweetstuff in my hand. If I went up to her now, and make her a compliment, she either would not understand or she would take fright and run away. It's most ridiculous, the whole business; and yet, hang me if I know what I am to do!"

While thus reflecting he had been following close at the young lady's heels, and, in absence of mind, humming a melancholy air.

At the sound of the tune Miss Acre started slightly. It was not a common one—or, at least, she had heard it only once before, upon the previous night, when the prince in the cloak sang it under the window. Glancing timidly round she saw most certainly a prince, though without a cloak, some six or eight feet behind her. His Royal Highness, she had only just time to observe, was arrayed with much magnificence, wore a moustache, and had beautiful curly hair. Then, fluttering, she knew not why, she mended her pace for no earthly reason, and hurried onwards without any idea where she wanted to go to.

Next minute she had turned the corner of the square, and after she had turned it, turned her head again to look after His Highness, whom, of course, she expected to see, stalking majestically by the end of the street. But, oh, confusion on confusion! he was doing nothing of the kind; but, instead, had taken the same turning, and was coming along with his cigar in his mouth full puff.

Now who in the world would have supposed that he had been coming down that way? If she had gone straight on she could so easily have avoided him. However, it was even now easily enough to be managed by taking the first turning on the right. He could not be coming that way. Yes he was though.

Could anything have been more stupid or more awkward? If she had only chosen the turning on the left, it would have been all right. However, there was yet a way of escape. He could not possibly want to take the first to the right, because that led up again into the square. She would thus easily get rid of him.

She took the turning to the right accordingly and—he took it also. There was now no doubt upon the subject, he was following her.

What should she do? Was it possible that he was the serenader, and that it was she whom he had serenaded? If so, why? She must look at him again. But how was that to be managed without his observing it? Perhaps he might speak to her. If he did, she felt that she must faint with terror. Suppose too, he spoke to her in the square, and Lady Lad, by chance, was at that moment looking out of the window. What would she think, and say? No, that must not occur. But how to retrace her steps without looking absurd? There never was any one, she felt quite certain, placed in such an awkward predicament.

On his side, the man of the world had not arrived at any very brilliant conclusion upon the point that had troubled him. He had learnt one thing; the young lady was afraid of him, and was running away, but if anything, that circumstance made the opening of a conversation rather more difficult. The way all heroes make a heroine's acquaintance is by rescuing them from some position of danger, but there was no danger handy just at this moment.

In short, it is more than likely that this promenade would have been wholly without result, had not the young lady actually overcome the difficulty by speaking first—though very much against her will.

It happened in this way. Arriving at the street corner, and determining to turn upon his steps, she turned quickly round, just at the very moment that Jack Jeffcoat, frightened that he was going to lose her, had quickened his pace in desperation, and so they found themselves face to face, not more than four feet apart, and stood, helplessly enough, stock still, and staring.

Blushing deep red, and overwhelmed with confusion, poor little Jane felt herself in some way called upon to explain her conduct, and saying the first thing that came into her head, asked Jack the way to Oxford-street. The moment after she had said it, she reflected how silly he must have thought her. He must know she did not want to go there, or if she did, that she must know the way. It was, indeed, the most absurdly unlikely thing to ask that could possibly have been thought of; but then, persons in a like fix do the most unlikely things always.

Mr. Jeffcoat's backwardness was, you may be sure, in no way owing to any timidity on his part, apart from the fear that by undue rashness he might lose the end he had in view. As to being withered by a young lady's contemptuous stare—being looked down, as the saying is, he was one of those dreadfully hardened miscreants who could bear a good deal of that sort of thing, and, if anything, feel rather amused. This style of miscreant is much about; they are quite scorn proof.

When Jack heard the question, you may be sure he saw at a glance what it could be easily made to lead up to, and he was not one to let the opportunity slip through his fingers. In the softest of tones, and with the most courteous manner, therefore, he replied that the way was rather intricate, although the point she desired to reach was close at hand.

"I am, in fact," he said, "going there myself. Only I was going through the square, which is the longest way. If you will permit me to show you the shortest? It is hardly fit for a young lady to walk alone through these back streets."

"Oh, thank you—oh, no!" stammered Miss Jane. "I couldn't think—"

But the smiling gentleman was already showing her the way, smiling down all objections, and rattling on in the lightest and most airy fashion. The way was short enough, and they were almost directly at their journey's end, but in the meanwhile he had several times made her smile, and more than once had beguiled her into making a much longer answer to some question he had asked than she had ever intended to do, and would stop frightened in the middle of it, and break down weakly, until he urged her on again.

But here we are in Oxford-street. I hope you have not got to go much further. I am going in this direction, but I should be so happy if you would allow me to see you to your destination. You won't think me intrusive, will you? I'm a rough sort of country fellow—you've noticed it, I dare say, in my talk. I know nothing about London ways, and not much about London. I know my way about, that's all. I was fortunately able to direct you just now, but it was quite a chance. I am always losing the way myself, and have got into some dreadful places and been robbed. Country people often are, you know. They are so silly by the side of Londoners. I had a fortune—a very large fortune I suppose I ought to call it—left me a few months ago, and have come up to town to amuse myself and to find a wife—if I can. But I don't see how I can. I do not know a soul, and I do not know how to set about making friends. Every one is so suspicious of strangers. Do you not think so?"

"I don't know."

"Ha! ha! to be sure. That is very good! I forgot it was just our case. Well, I hope you will own, when I have said goodbye,

which I must do in a few minutes' time, that I did not once attempt to pick your pocket. That's what they do, or are supposed to want to do—all strangers—isn't it? But let me see, did you say you were going much further?"

"No; I was not going anywhere particular. Into the Pantheon."

"Ah! to meet some friends, or to make a purchase, perhaps?"

"Yes—no. That is, I was only going in for a walk—to sit down—that is, I generally go there."

"What, every day? How strange!—and about this time?—and I have never met you! I am always there myself. I was going there now. Will you let me stay in your company for ten minutes longer—it is only ten minutes in a lifetime, you know, for you are certain never to see me any more as long as you live. I shall have gone back to the country, or died, most likely. One never knows. Now, the only reason I am so lonely is because the gentlemen to whom I brought a letter of introduction died the very day I arrived in London. Poor gentleman! His name was Mr. Acre. He lived in Norfolk-street, near the Strand."

"Mr. Acre!" said Jane, looking up at him in a sort of frightened wonder, and then, after a moment's silence, added, "He was my father."

"My old-fashioned little friend," thought Jack, "is much slyer and deeper than I took her for, although she is such a baby in some things," but he rattled on,

"You amaze me! Then you must be Miss Jane. What an extraordinary coincidence! One would hardly believe it possible in real life. Yet these things are always happening. I may, then, introduce myself, Miss Acre. This is my card."

Could she possibly disbelieve the story of the honest, open-faced country gentleman? Why, the production of the card with the name of John Jeffcoat, and the number of the house in Piccadilly where his rooms were situated, seemed to her alone proof positive of the truth of his statement.

Besides, she did not want to doubt him. The company of this fine fellow, with the splendid clothes and lovely curly hair, was so unlike anything she had met with before. Perhaps it was not what she ought to have done, thus to go for a stroll with a street acquaintance, and she felt pretty certain that her ladyship would have been shocked and angry at her conduct. But then her ladyship need know nothing about it.

It was wrong, certainly—there was no question about it; it was very wrong, indeed, but then—it was very pleasant.

Well, in due course, they said "Good bye," and somehow met again next day. They met again, too, on the day following, and several days in succession. Somehow, when Mr. Jeffcoat came to look for it, he could not lay his hand upon the letter of introduction about which he had spoken; but he had written to the country again and expected a second letter by every post.

The fact was, he did not see his way very clearly how he was to get an entry into her ladyship's house. It was very probable that her ladyship and Ruth would not receive his statements quite as readily as his old-fashioned little friend had done; but he made a hundred inquiries respecting Lady Lad's domestic economy, and almost fancied that he had hit upon a scheme which might, with good effect, be put into execution. However, in this everything depended upon Jane; for, without her assistance, it would be impossible to carry out the plan he had vaguely formed.

It was, therefore, necessary that he should keep upon very good terms with the young lady, and this he found rather a greater bore than he had at first anticipated. Miss Jane, indeed, had not much to say for herself. A quaint remark every now and then would amuse him, but her sphere of action had been extremely limited. She had read a good deal, but had seen nothing, and could talk but little.

She most preferred, too, to listen to him; and though, of course, it is gratifying to have an appreciative audience under such circumstances, he grew at last rather weary of his own monologues.

Poor Jane seemed to him, after all, nothing but a child, and an awkward and a not over handsome one; and presently he began to wish that he had chosen some other plan, instead of making her acquaintance, because after a great lapse of time he made a little discovery, which filled him with some uneasiness, and led him to the conclusion that he had probably, after all, chosen the very worst way there was to choose.

"This sort of thing can't go on much longer," he said, when it had been going on about a week. "I must break it off. It is an absurdity. I must get into the house at once, by hook or by crook. But as for my young friend, here, we must bring these morning walks to a conclusion. I have no intentions, and I never supposed it likely—No, hang me! it must be put a stop to."

His young friend had no idea how he regarded her, and how wearisome he found her company. Had it been put to her, she readily would have allowed that her society could not be very entertaining. More than once she asked herself, "What can he see in me. He who is so handsome, so clever, so rich?" She saw a great deal in him, however. She could have listened for ever to his stories, have hung for hours in a sort of dreamy enchantment upon his words. Even if he did not talk, what could be more delightful than to sit quietly by his side, and pass the time in a delicious sort of reverie, for which, of all places in the world, surely that sleepy old Pantheon picture-gallery was one of the most suitable.

Here was at last a prince with money-bags, who, independent of the money-bags, was a beautiful prince, highly lovable. Supposing my lady found out that she met some one when she went for a walk—supposing she turned her out of doors—what then? There was still the prince left, one of whose smiles was worth all my lady's marked money and hoarded odds and ends put together.

She did not exactly dare to ask herself if he loved her, and yet it seemed to her that she must break her heart if she found out that he did not.

One thing she was quite positive of, however, and found much consolation in her certainty: He would never allow her to come to any harm. He was so good—so noble—so everything that was great and grand, after the fashion of the idols of all very young ladies. She might have doubts about the endurance of her ladyship's love for her; but nothing in the world—just at that period—could have shaken her faith in the gallant Jack. No, he might be relied upon in any emergency, and it at any time he loved her, his constancy must of a necessity being unlike all the rest of mankind—and endure till death.

Among the hundred and one things about which this very strange couple conversed during those long, happy, dreamy mornings, was the theatre. Miss Jane was dying to go to the play, and would give the world, at least, to go there. Hearing this, Jack Jeffcoat had said he wondered whether it could be managed, and asked her if she had any friend to whom she could make an excuse of paying a visit, when they might go to some theatre, and come away early.

She had no friend, however, and he was rather pleased to think



that the matter had dropped; but it had not altogether died out of the young lady's thoughts. One morning she surprised him by saying—

"I have thought of a plan, at last."  
"What is it?" he asked, eagerly, thinking she alluded to the object he had in view; for he had spoken once or twice of his desire to make her ladyship's acquaintance.

"If you were to wait for me some evening—to-morrow, say—in the square, about eight o'clock. She always has the door fastened early now, because she says there has been somebody seen hanging about the house. Do you know—?"

"Know what?"  
"You will say I am silly—I was so dreadfully afraid, when I first heard it. I thought that it was you."

"No, it was no me," said Jack, with a smile, which was half a grimace. "Who did they suppose it is?"

"I do not know; Lady Lad was very much frightened, though; she said it was some one who wanted to break in. Charity said it was all nonsense. Lady Lad often takes those fits for a time, then they go off again."

"And about this affair at eight o'clock?"

"Will that be too late for the theatre?"

"It is rather late."

"But we shall see something?"

"Oh, yes; we shall have plenty to see, even then."

"And when can you take me?"

Jack did not enter into this business with any great eagerness. He would have paid a good round sum, indeed, to have got out of it altogether, but his old-fashioned little friend was too eager to go, to be easily put off.

He threw many difficulties in the way, it is true. He made mountains out of molehills. He shook his head and looked grave. He said, all things considered, he really thought the scheme a little too wild.

At this the young girl's eyes filled with tears, and she looked so deeply distressed that Jack hastened to reassure her.

"We can manage it easily enough," he said, "as long as you are not afraid to try."

"Afraid," she said, "Oh, no. I dare do anything—nearly."

There were times when this bit of chit became a woman all in a sudden flash, and her child's face hardened into a look of determination, strangely at variance with her ordinary manner. Observing these changes, Jack Jeffcoat would say to himself—

"Under certain circumstances, my young friend may, some of these fine days, be a tough customer to tackle. If she was a year or two older I should feel a little nervous about offending her. Women with bloodless faces and wispy-washy hair of this straw colour, have no passion but anger. They never love much, but anger them, and they are awfully spiteful. This one, now, if she were old enough, is quite capable of killing a man who played the fool with her—that is to say, she would like to do it in her heart, but would be afraid. Yes, I think women of this colour are generally cowards."

In 1840, as has been elsewhere remarked, golden locks were rather at a discount.

The arrangements for the trip to the theatre were at length settled, and Miss Jane was, upon a certain evening, to come down into the square at half-past eight o'clock, having previously made an excuse of a bad headache, and retired early to bed. Having waited until Lady Lad had seen the street-door locked and bolted, which she had lately been in the habit of doing at dusk Jane was to steal downstairs, and make her escape, taking with her the street-door key.

When she had told her story, and got away to her bed-room, she waited there in a fever of anxiety, with the door ajar, listening to the sounds in the house below. It was now eight o'clock, and yet broad daylight out of doors, though the shadows were gathering in the corners of her bed-room. She had to dress herself for the excursion, and that would occupy her for some time.

Since she had met Jack she had already made some slight alterations in her dress. The thread gloves, for instance, had given place to kid ones. She pilfered many odd scraps of flossy from the stores of Lady Lad, and adorned herself therewith, as she believed, becomingly. Wretched little tippets, reticules, parasols, and such like, and a great quantity of old-fashioned jewellery, thus found their way into the sunshine after a long imprisonment in my lady's cupboards; and Jack regarded these things with wondering amusement, and often laughed at the recollection of them when he got home.

But on this particular night there was an unparalleled splendour in the young lady's toilet. A new pair of kid gloves, which actually fitted her, had been purchased. Various other ecceteras, among them, a new pair of kid shoes, and a white bonnet. When she was dressed, and quite ready, she looked at herself admiringly in the glass. She was wondrously fine, and her cheeks were flushed with the excitement. As, a few minutes afterwards, she stole down stairs, her heart beating violently the while, she grew again as pale as death.

But she was determined to carry out what she had begun, and her hand trembled but slightly as she pressed the door-handle and drew back the bolts.

He was waiting for her in the square with the cab, and soon they were upon their way to the long looked-for treat. He had a private box, and she found the seat all ready for her, and, as she sat down, the curtain rose upon a brilliant fairy scene.

There never was a more delightful evening than that which the young girl spent here at the play-house. Perhaps fairy lands were not so gorgeous in those dark ages as it has since become, but then we had not seen so much, and it was very beautiful before we fancied. Jane had seen nothing of the sort before, and was wildly delighted by all she beheld upon that never-to-be-forgotten night.

What a delicious dream it was. How long would it last? How long had it lasted? Would there ever be any awakening?

But all at once, when the dream had only lasted, as it seemed to her, a few brief moments, it had reached a sudden conclusion. The fairy land had faded, the green curtain fell, shutting out heavenly glories. The sweet music ceased, and the tiddlers crept away to mysterious regions of darkness in the bowels of the earth. Dimly-seen forms were crawling from box to box, covering up the crimson velvet as with a shroud, as Jane reluctantly leaving the theatre, cast one long wistful glance behind.

Very silently, then, they rode homewards. She was too full of thought, and mingled joy and sorrow to wish to talk. When Jack looked into her face, as they passed beneath a street lamp, he saw the tears again glistening in her eyes.

And now they had reached the square, and it was time to say good-bye. It was said. The cab had driven away at her request, and she stood alone upon the door-step.

The dream was over as she put the key into the lock and turned it cautiously.

But the door would not yield to her pressure. She leant against it with all her strength, but still it was fast.

She had unlocked it, she fancied, and yet she could not have done so. How was it the door would not open? What was to become of her?

(To be continued.)

## LONDON GOSSIP.

Ladies will be charmed to hear that there is a new colour. It is called "Bismark," and is of the hue of a currant ice.

A Velocipede Club, at Putney, is more than talked about.

Mr. T. Bazley contradicts a report that he did not intend again to contest the representation of Manchester.

It is stated that Mr. Wood, son of the gentleman of that name who represented the county of Middlesex for some years, will oppose Mr. Labouchere in the Conservative interest.

THE REPRESENTATION OF CARMARTHEN.—An election for the county of Carmarthen is imminent, owing to the continued mental indispotion of Mr. D. Jones, M.P.

In anticipation of a division of the constituency of the Tower Hamlets, three gentlemen are named as candidates—Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. Charles Reed, and Mr. John Nolan.

It was decided on Tuesday, at a meeting at Stirling, that a national volunteer sham fight should take place at either Stirling or Edinburgh, early in the summer.

The tailors' strike in Paris has already had the effect of making several large houses send over to this country for men to supply the places of the dissatisfied stitchers.

It is currently stated in naval circles that Rear-Admiral Sir J. C. Dalrymple Hay declined to be made a K.C.B., simply because he was of opinion that other officers had prior claims.

The rumour of Dr. Livingstone's death, we regret to say, seems to receive confirmation on all hands. From India news comes which destroys what little hope the friends of the great explorer may have been able to cherish.

It is reported that one of the remedies intended to be adopted for the present condition of railway finance will be an increase, temporary or permanent, in the charges for goods traffic, and on certain classes of passenger fares.

THE MIDDLESEX ELECTION.—The Sheriff has appointed Monday next, the 15th inst., for the election. Mr. Under-Sheriff Crossley on Saturday made the usual proclamation at Brentford for the forthcoming Middlesex election.

The colour of the chakos worn by the Infantry is to be changed from blue to rifle green. The officers of the 99th Lanarkshire Regiment will in future wear a dice-box border round the forage cap, instead of the present one of plain black silk.

The troop ship *Bennamurice Castle*, from Calcutta, arrived at Plymouth on Saturday, with the left wing of the 20th Regiment and time-expired men of the 88th, 104th, 105th, and 107th Regiments, and the 2nd and 7th Dragoon Guards. Major Meyers in command.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has announced to the bishops of the southern province that the Premier has signified her Majesty's intention of issuing a Royal Commission upon Ritual observances in the Church.

Dr. Kough, the medical officer at Carrigaholt, who was accused of having given professional assistance to Fennell, a wounded Fenian, has been discharged from custody, there being, it is understood, no grounds for detaining him.

Mr. Prescott Hewitt, who is now associated with Mr. Paget in the medical care of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, is not one of the regular attendants upon the household, but has been called in at the express wish of the Prince, to whom he has been personally known for some time.

The dog "Snob," a Crimean hero, who was present at no less than four battles during the campaign, died at an advanced age at Chatham on Sunday last. The animal was of Russian breed, and was well-known to all frequenters of the headquarters of the Royal Engineers, decorated as he was with a blue ribbon and medal.

Commodore Hillyar, in a letter dated at Bombay 13th March last, reports that H.M.S. *Wasp* had returned to Zanzibar, from Quiloa, with Mr. Seward, H.M.'s acting political resident at Zanzibar, and states that the information which that officer had been able to obtain respecting the reported death of Dr. Livingstone was chiefly of a confirmatory nature.

The *Bristol Times* and *Mirror* of Saturday states that the Liberals of that city have determined on bringing forward Mr. E. S. Robinson the present Mayor, as a candidate for the seat now held by Sir M. Peto, who, it is said, has placed himself in the hands of his party, and intimated his willingness to resign at any moment that they may deem most favourable.

The celebrated annual Tichborne dole was distributed at Tichborne, in Hants, a few days since. The dole consisted of 250 gallons of bread. It was distributed in the name of Sir Henry Alfred Joseph Doughty Tichborne, the infant son of the late Sir Alfred Tichborne. This dole was originated by the Tichborne family in Henry the Second's time.

Father Noble, S.J., a Roman Catholic priest in Leith, was found drowned on Tuesday in the harbour there. It is supposed that the reverend father had been called during the night to visit a foreign sailor, and that he had fallen into the water in crossing a plank to go on board. The services of Father Noble during the late cholera visitation called forth at the time a high eulogium from the magistrates of Leith. He was about 45 years of age.

THROAT DISEASES.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of coughs, croup, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported and sold in this country by most chemists at 1s. 1½d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the Royal Italian Opera, London, pronounce them the best article for hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." [ADVERTISEMENT.]

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVERTISEMENT.]

## FOREIGN SCRAPS.

Garibaldi is lying ill with a severe attack of gout at Calano. Great fears are entertained as to his recovery.

The report that the Duke de Grammont, French Ambassador at Vienna, has been summoned to Paris, is denied.

It is said that M. de Beust and the Czar of Russia have been invited to Paris by the Emperor Napoleon.

M. Alfred Assolant is about to publish a pamphlet entitled *Le Rhin*. It will oppose French annexation.

Black balls are quite the fashion at the Paris Jockey Club. Two candidates for admission were refused last week.

The *Liberte* asserts that the English Ambassador at Madrid has demanded his passport at the hands of the Spanish Government.

Racing men will perhaps hear with interest that, according to a really good judge, and one of the greatest "stables" of Chantilly, there is not a good horse this year in France.

The *Etendard* announces that the conversion of the arms of the infantry regiments actively continues, and that a large portion of the army will soon be provided with the Chassepot rifle.

The King and Queen of Belgium will, it is said, arrive in Paris on Wednesday next, and will stay at the Grand Hotel for two months.

*La Liberte* says:—The English squadron in the Mediterranean will go to Toulon next month, under the command of Lord Clarence Paget.

A very verbose and pompous challenge has been put forward by a company of horse-riders from the United States, who are about to visit Paris during the Exposition.

The Prince Imperial is said to be fast recovering from his recent illness, and the Empress Eugenie is quite restored to health.

In consequence of orders received at Belgrade from Constantinople, the evacuation of the Citadel of Belgrade by the Turkish troops commenced on Monday last.

The Rajah of Bhurtpore leaves for England in April, and will be represented during his absence by a Council of Regency.

A sudden gust of wind, three days back, upset a boat containing six men in the port of Toulon in sight of the persons on shore, and before any assistance could be rendered they were all drowned.

Rumours have been current on the Bourse that Marshal McMahon has been summoned to Paris by telegraph, and that a note has been despatched to Berlin relating to the fortress of Luxembourg.

The Imperial steam yacht *Standard* is being made ready to put to sea, in May. It is believed that it is destined to convey the Russian Crown Prince and Princess on a visit to Copenhagen.

The late Confederate steamer *Shenandoah*, having resumed her old name of the *Sea King*, is now in Bombay harbour. She has been purchased by the Sultan of Zanzibar, and is to be used as a pleasure yacht.

The postponement of the King and Queen of Portugal's projected visit to Paris arises from the unwillingness of Dom Fernando to undertake the Regency in the present agitated state of the public mind.

The mental condition of the Empress Charlotte appears to give very little hope of recovery. From her features all intellectual expression is more and more vanishing. But her physical health is all that can be desired.

The *Patrie* says, "The rumours which have been in circulation of military measures taken by the Prussian Government are totally incorrect. Most explicit and spontaneous declaration on this subject have been made by the Berlin Cabinet for the information of the Court of the Tuilleries."

The frequency of midnight robberies with violence is becoming a source of much uneasiness to those Parisians who go home late. Hardly a day passes without some unlucky pedestrian being set upon, knocked down and rifled. It is very necessary for foreigners to be on their guard.

Baron Ricasoli has resigned office, and his resignation has been accepted by the king. General Manabrea was invited by the king to form a Ministry, and, after some reflection, pleaded the recent death of his son as an excuse for declining the task. Signor Ratazzi has been sent for.

It is understood that the Crown Prince of Prussia is so dissatisfied with the account of the Second Army, attributed to Major Von Verdy, as well as with the eulogy of the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, that he has prepared, or supervised, a narrative of the operations for the special enlightenment of the English public.

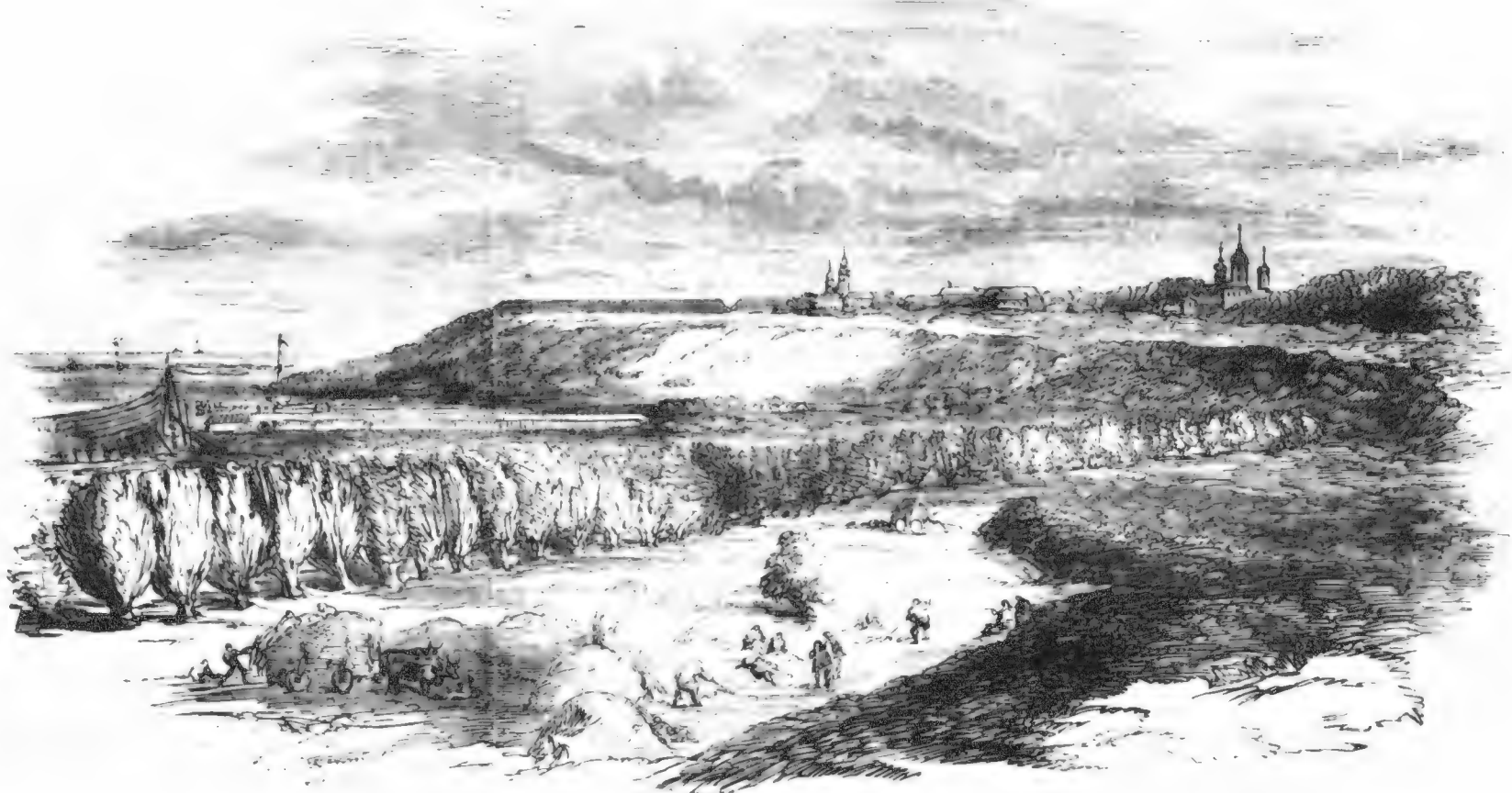
If there is any truth in the last report from Mexico, the reign of Maximilian over that wretched country is by this time at an end. It is said that his Imperial Majesty's supplies and communications are cut off; that his troops, such as he had, are deserting him *en masse*, and that, in fact, he is without either the means of defence or the chance of escape.

A building in course of erection at Clignancourt as a depot for the Paris Omnibus Company fell to the ground, burying eleven workmen in the ruins. Two, when taken out, were found to be dead, and nine others had received more or less serious injuries. The accident is believed to have been caused by defective construction.

The Right Hon. Seymour Fitzgerald arrived at Bombay on the night of Feb. 28th, and was sworn in as Governor immediately after the departure of Sir Bartle Frere. The new Governor held his first levee on March 9th, at the Town Hall, when over 400 European and native gentlemen were presented to his Excellency. Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald's first reception took place at Government-house, Pareil, on the 11th.

CARDS FOR THE MILLION.—A Copper-Plate Engraved (any style), and Fifty Best Cards Printed, with Card Case included, for 2s. Sent post free by ARTHUR GRANGER, the noted Cheap Stationer, 303, High Holborn, and the New Borough Bazaar, 9½, S.E.





LAGANROG, ON THE SEA OF AZOF. (See Page 158)

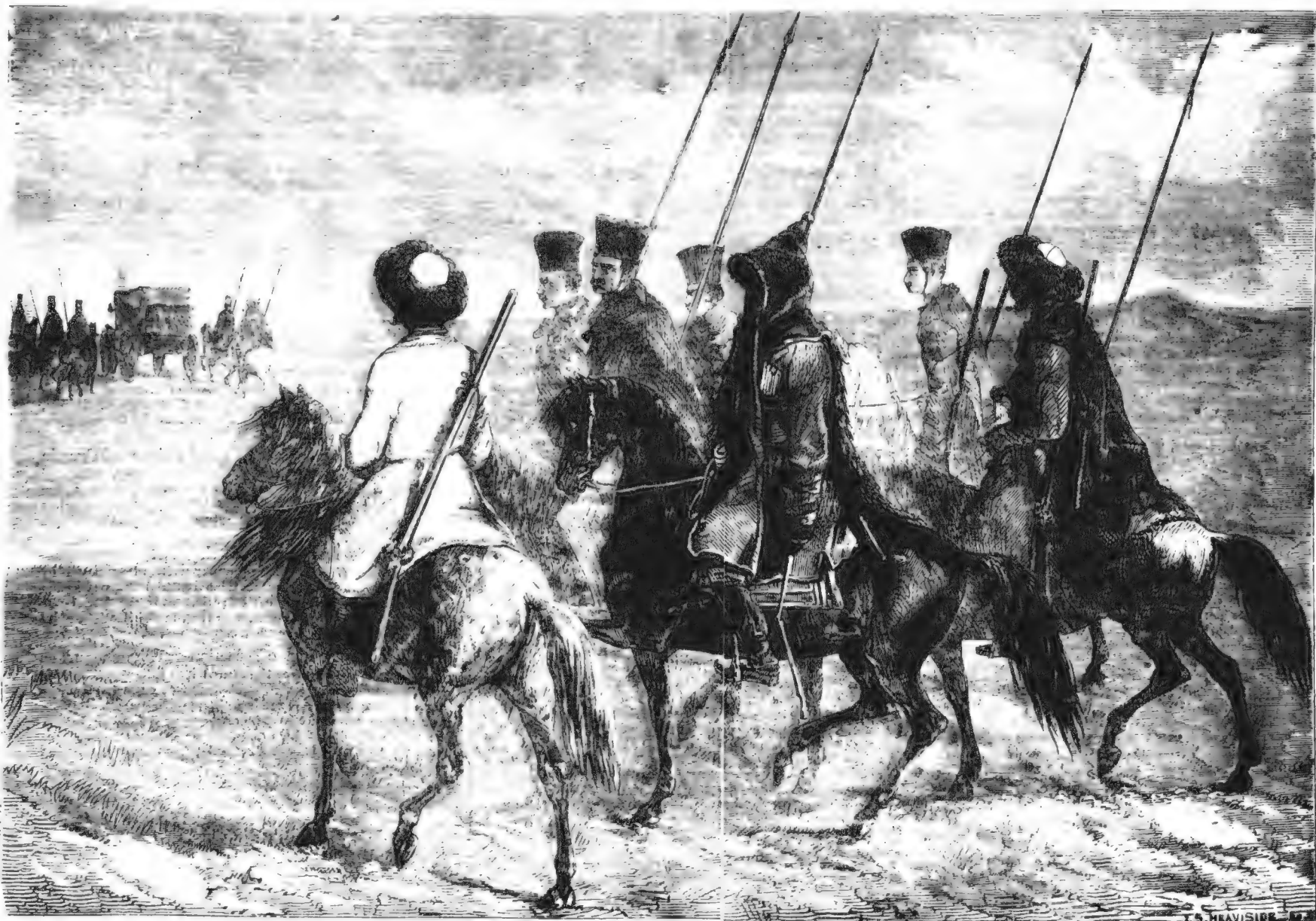
## A SOUVENIR OF SCUTARI.

The large engraving on page 148 is from a painting by Mr. E. Armitage. This distinguished artist, at the time of the Crimean war, went to Sebastopol, in order to take sketches for a grand historical picture of that memorable siege. On his way home he also made sketches of particular objects which struck his attention. One of these was "A Souvenir of Scutari," and was exhibited at

the Royal Academy in 1857. The peculiarity of the costume of the ladies, and their habits, we may rest assured, are here depicted with life-like accuracy, and, as such, it is well worth studying.

The permission to the French theatres to play the works of Victor Hugo, long banished from the stage, has caused great ex-

citement in Paris, and is certainly an important event. The Parisian stage can ill afford to lose such treasures as *Hernani* and *Le Roi S'Amuse*. The first piece to be performed will, we are told, be *Hernani*, in which, at the Comedie, Delaunay, Bressant, and Madlle. Favart will appear. The Odeon will, it is said, follow with *Marion Delorme*, the Porte St. Martin with *Lucrece Borgia* and the Châtelet with *Ruy Blas*.



THE WAR IN CENTRAL ASIA—A TRIBE OF KOORDS, ON THE MARCH. (See Page 157)



## THE DOG TAX.

THE new system of taxation for dogs is producing an evil which may be temporary, but is not, just now, altogether incalculable. The old tax of 12s. on each dog was evaded in about three cases out of five in the metropolis, by the simple expedient of keeping a dog and saving nothing about it. The collectors looked very sharply after the mild, conscientious old ladies with their pugs and poodles—we have known one who continually submitted to the demand for payment of tax for a neighbour's fat Spitz who sat and barked at her door when her mistress paid a visit. But the wide-awake parties possessed of rat-catching terriers, and the small shopkeepers, about whose premises roamed specimens of the genus *cur*, rarely were charged with, and more rarely acknowledged, their canine property and the "duties as well as rights" proverbially said to attach thereto. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* The tax is reduced to five shillings; but that five shillings, it is threatened, will be rigidly demanded. The result has been a very large repudiation of responsibility by recourse to the cruel trick of turning the poor dogs out of doors to be lost in the streets. All through London, wretched little brutes, some of them half dead already with distemper, caught by exposure, are to be seen lying rolled up, shivering at closed doors, or, starved and terror-stricken, running wildly among the carts and cabs, whipped, kicked, and pelted at every turn. The usual number of these miserable stray animals (we learn from rather good authority—indeed, from ocular demonstration) has been doubled the last week, and will doubtless be still further increased for some days to come. Not to speak of the inhumanity of turning off creatures who have been petted and taught to depend on their masters, to the lingering death of hunger and persecution, there is real mischief to human beings threatened by such a practice. One dog among the scores of lost ones happening to go mad would infallibly communicate its disease to numbers of others, straying about and unprotected as itself; and before any notice were taken we might have almost an epidemic of hydrophobia.

We wish we could persuade those who desire to get rid of their dogs to do so in a way less cruel to the beast and less dangerous to their neighbours. If they cannot shoot the animal, let them take it to the nearest chemist, and pay him sixpence to poison it, there and then. The whole job will not occupy five minutes, and there will be in it neither pain to the dog nor danger to man. Every one has a moral right to do this with an animal which belongs to him. But no one has a moral right to condemn a poor brute, intentionally, to a slow death of starvation and misery. He who knows what our streets contain of hard-heartedness and cruelty, is assuredly guilty of an offence against the laws of humanity when he wantonly exposes any sentient creature to their accidents.

If the accounts be true which the French papers publish of the nature of the punishment called *mast-heading*, recently abolished in the navy of France, the boastful self-comparison of the French with us in respect to the use of the lash had but a very nominal foundation. The sailor who incurred this punishment, only abolished a week ago, was crucified against the *hauban*; not with nails, it is true, but quite as painfully, for small cords were used to lash his wrists; and the pressure caused by the weight of the body cut deep dents into the flesh. In this position he was kept four hours, through all weathers, hot or cold, snow, hail, or storm; and it was renewed for days in succession, according to the gravity of the offence. "The strongest constitutions," says our authority, "with difficulty accommodate themselves to this kind of punishment. Men who without a murmur bear the privations and fatigues of a sailor's life, who sail to the end of the world in the service of civilisation, and bravely face the grapeshot of the enemy, faint and grow pale at the prospect of such an ordeal." Nor is this one of those barbarous punishments existing from ancient times unrepented, but seldom put in force. The decree which has swept it from the naval code of punishment in France was issued in consequence of the agitation caused by a recent case at Cherbourg, where the editor of the *Vie de Cherbourg*, having seen the miserable plight to which a poor wretch was reduced by the horrible torture, presented a petition to the Senate. The Minister of Marine did not wait to be moved by that august body, but at once removed so flagrant a blot on the French navy as this mode of enforcing discipline.



INTERIOR OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GRANTHAM.

## INTERIOR OF GRANTHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

This time-honoured grammar school, where Sir Isaac Newton was partly educated, was founded and endowed by Henry VIII. and his son Edward VI. out of the spoils of a monastery of Grey Friars in the town. Grantham, as our readers are aware, is a fine old market town in the county of Lincoln. It is situated on the old Roman road called Ermine-street, and was a strong Roman station. At the time of the Norman survey it was a Roman demesne. It was first incorporated by Edward IV. in 1463. The engraving which we give of the interior of its grammar school will be looked upon with interest by hundreds who received their education there.

The King and Queen of Denmark and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honoured the Duke of Cambridge by the presence at dinner on Saturday evening at Gloucester-house.

Another meeting of the working tailors of Paris has been held, to receive the answer of the master tailors to the demands placed before them. The masters were to have held a meeting also, but, as the inadmissibility of an advance in the rate of wages had already been fully recognised by the majority, it was deemed unnecessary. It was, therefore, merely intimated to the men that their requests could not be granted, and that each firm reserved its freedom of action in calling back their workmen or not. A few of the masters, however, have granted an advance of prices, and these concessions were made known to the workmen. The strike may be said now to have reached its crisis, and the men have resolved to accept no compromise.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.—Here is a parable for parents from an early English homily of about 1200 A.D., illustrating the proverb, "Example is better than precept."—"The crab is a kind of fish in the sea. This fish is of such kind that the more he endeavours to swim with the water, the more he swimmeth backwards. And the old crab said to the young one, 'Wherefore swimmeth not thou forward in the sea, as other fishes do?' And it answered, 'Dear mother, swim thou before me, and teach me how I shall swim forwards.' And she began to swim forwards with the stream, but always swam backwards." Why are not poor people always respectful and submissive?—*Athenaeum*.

## A NOVEL &amp; VALUABLE INSTITUTION.

In a back street off Every-street, immediately behind the Ancoats branch of the Free Library, is an unpretentious but exceedingly valuable institution, which has been the source of much public good during the past three years. It was started by a number of charitable ladies in May, 1864, among whom were several members of the Rev. W. Gaskell's family, with the view of supplying nutritious food, on the recommendation of the medical officers of the Ancoats Dispensary, an adjoining institution. The food consists mainly of beef-tea, meat, and potatoes, and the institution is worked by a very small staff, under the management of a committee, of which Miss J. B. Gaskell is honorary secretary. Its expenses are under 200l. per annum, and the number of patients on the books average about twenty-five daily. The number of dinners served during a period of twelve months may be estimated at more than 2,600. In addition to the institutions named, the kitchen also supplies dinners to the Nurse Training Institution in Mill-street. The medical officers of the Dispensary regard the kitchen as a great aid to their work. Few of the patients can afford a proper dietary, and, in the majority of cases, good food is even more essential to recovery than medicine. If similar institutions could be organised in connection with other public hospitals and dispensaries, the cost of medical charities would be considerably reduced, and the period of a patient's recovery would be greatly lessened.—*Manchester Guardian*.

## THE ENGINE-DRIVERS AND FIREMEN ON RAILWAYS.

The recent differences which have taken place between the engine-drivers and firemen on several lines in the country, and the withdrawal of the notices which have been sent in, have led to the impression that all matters in dispute have been settled; but unfortunately there is every appearance that such is not the case. The men, whilst accepting the concession of the directors in the number of hours of labour, urge that their main demand is neglected—the adoption of some system of

promotion according to the period of service, and a consequent (as they alleged) abolition of the present system of favouritism on the part of the heads of departments. Something may arise out of the fact that on Sunday deputations of engine-drivers and firemen, numbering nearly 300, from various parts of the country, had a meeting in York, out of which it is hoped by them that strength of organisation may arise, and that by a more general and combined effort the demands of the men may be enforced.

Not very long since a little village on the borders of the Lago Maggiore was suddenly missed. It had disappeared within the bosom of the lake, its immersion being the result of an extensive land-slip. We now hear that ever since the month of April, 1866, the entire region adjacent to the Tyrolean Alps, to the Lago Maggiore, and the Lago di Guardia, has been subject to a series of convulsions recurring at periodical intervals, and by which the inhabitants have been kept in a constant state of harrowing apprehension. The borders of the Lake of Guardia have, for a space of ten miles, been upheaved by a succession of oscillations, alternating from a vertical to a horizontal direction. Explosions have been heard from time to time, and the undulations of the earth imperil the stability of all buildings, even the most solid, several having been already greatly damaged. Enormous blocks of stone have detached themselves from Mount Balbo, and, together with avalanches of boulders, have rolled down upon the habitations below, causing the utmost consternation. These convulsions are now occurring towards the east, and the Lago Maggiore has come in for its share of these volcanic disturbances, to the terror of the surrounding inhabitants. For the most part, these shocks are followed by a rumbling sound beneath the surface, and a hissing noise, as if caused by the escape of compressed gases forcing their way through narrow clefts. Explosions are heard in the highest mountain regions, and the hot springs issue forth more abundantly, rising to a greater height, muddy, and of a higher temperature than usual. The volcanic action as it at present manifests itself spreads over a vast area, and is probably connected with the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, just now in a state of rupture.



## MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

At LAMBETH, George Meddly, aged nine, was charged before Mr. Norton by the London and South-Western Railway Company with throwing stones at the carriages as they passed along Bond-street, Vauxhall. A schoolfellow, named Chinnoek, said the defendant told him that he meant to aim a stone at the railway-train when he got out of school. He saw him throw four different stones at four different trains, and the last stone struck the window of a carriage. Mr. Brent, on the part of the company, informed the magistrate that the practice of throwing stones at the spot in question had increased of late. The boy's father alleged that his son was no worse than other boys who were throwing stones. It appeared that the other boys had only thrown once. It was stated that the defendant had confessed to the officials that he had thrown the stones at the request of the witness Chinnoek, which the witness denied. The magistrate said that parents ought to look better after their children. The penalty for throwing stones was £10, and he imposed a fine of 30s. The boy's father said he could not pay it, as he had £1 a week salary as a clerk. Mr. Norton gave him six weeks to pay the penalty.

At BOW-STREET, Julia Adams, a good-looking young woman, showily but untidily dressed, and wearing no bonnet, appeared to a summons charging her with refusing to pay a cab fare.—William Thomas Hudson, the cabman, said that about half-past eight that morning the defendant called his cab at the corner of Westbourne-street, Pimlico, and told him to drive to King-street, Chelsea. On arriving there she kept him waiting about ten minutes, and afterwards proceeded to Leicester-street, Leicester-square, Lisle-street, and Kingsgate-street, Holborn. Here he asked her to pay him his fare, and she replied that she could not do so until she got change of a sovereign. Witness offered to get change for her, but she refused to give him the sovereign. She then said she would go to Bow-street, and "thinking that was the best place to take her to," he consented to drive her there. At the station-house the inspector advised him to summon her, and at the opening of the court he applied for and obtained a summons, "returnable immediately," to which she now appeared. He claimed 2s. 6d. for his fare.—Defendant: He offered to take 1s. or 1s. 6d., whichever I liked to give him.—The magistrate: Very likely. But you did not accept the offer. You have paid him neither 1s. 6d. nor 1s.—Inspector Parker stated the defendant had been nine or ten times brought to the station under similar circumstances.—The defendant said "the sergeant" had a spite against her, but she did not care. She was respectably connected.—The magistrate ordered her to pay 2s. 6d. fare, 2s. costs, and 2s. for complainant's loss of time, or be imprisoned seven days.

At WORKSHIP-STREET, David Whiler, an intelligent-looking lad, was summoned before Mr. Newton for disobeying the lawful commands of his master, Mr. William Castro, a cabinet-maker, in Gloucester-street, Hackney-road.—Mr. George Nash (on the part of the master) said: This boy was bound for seven years in 1865, and has consequently served two years; but he is absolutely worthless, and has been so from the first. He not only refuses to work, but strives to induce the other apprentices (of whom there are five) to do the same. Time after time he has been sent home to his parents, who have sent him back again, and Mr. Castro now asks to have the indentures cancelled. Not any premium was paid, and, bad as the lad is, he has been paid progressive wages.—Father of the Boy: I object to the cancelling. I have five children under his age, and if he comes home what am I to do with him?—Mr. Newton: What do you think his master can do with an idle apprentice—continue and pay him a progressive sum as wages?—Father: I can't think that the result of his bad conduct should fall on his parents—let him be punished, and his master give him another trial.—Mr. Nash: Punished! yes, according to his own account, that is just what he wants. "I should like to have a month's imprisonment," he says. He must be a promising apprentice, indeed.—Mr. Castro: It's quite true, sir. I only wish to have the agreement cancelled.—Mr. Newton (to the apprentice): Now, just see what disgrace you have brought on your parents and yourself. All the other apprentices are doing well, not only satisfying their master, but themselves. Which are you doing? Neither. Ultimately the worthy magistrate induced the master to give the incorrigible another fortnight's trial.

## TAGANROG.

On the declivity of a promontory near the mouth of the gulph of the Don, and looking pleasantly on the blue waters of the Sea of Azof, is situated the town of Taganrog, long known as one of the chief outposts of that part of Russia. Taganrog was founded by Peter the Great, in 1706, apparently for military purposes; but the present Czar, foreseeing that the place would attain importance as a commercial port, made it the object of his peculiar care; and during his sojourn there he planted an oak wood, which still exists to commemorate his connection with the locality. It was at Taganrog, also, that the Emperor Alexander breathed his last in 1826. The town is clean, well built, and most respectable in appearance, with its tall white houses baking in the sun, its shady gardens and its decaying fortifications.

The manager and proprietor of a cafe situated in the Quartier Latin was the other day informed by one of his waiters that a well-dressed personage had just been observed to pocket a silver spoon and fork. The waiter was desired to make no remark, but when the bill was handed to this strange customer its last entry ran thus:—"To a silver spoon and fork which monsieur has in his pocket, 50f.—£2." The latter paid without making the slightest remark, but naturally never reappeared.

The coloured people of Charleston are in the midst of a religious revival. On Sunday, the 17th ult., some sixty, male and female, were publicly immersed. The newspaper account of the scene states that the men wore white shirts and drawers, the women white gowns; and 200 or 300 of the assembly, as if seized with a sudden inspiration, indulged in what is described as "a series of striking gymnastics."

Professor Agazziz says that the whole valley of the Amazon has not yet been peopled. The whole tract of this country, which is as large as many empires of the first rank in the Old World—the whole of that country drained by the Amazon does not nourish at this moment 250,000 individuals, including the Indians; and no doubt the government of Brazil has thought that the only way of settling that rich country was to offer its treasures to all nations.

## CASUALTY AND CRIME.

The sentence on the convict Sarah Porter, who was found guilty at the last Cambridgeshire Assizes of the murder of her illegitimate child at Littleport, in the Isle of Ely, and condemned to death, has been commuted by the Secretary of State to penal servitude for life.

An inquest was held in Abbey-street, Bethnal-green, on the body of James Bunn, aged seven. On Sunday last the deceased was racing with another boy, when he ran against a post, and a blade of an open pocket-knife, which he carried in his hand, pierced his heart. He ran into his house, cried out, "Oh, mother!" and then fell dead on the floor. The deceased was the second child in the same family that had been killed by accident. The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

A young man, named John Morris, at Hull, has been taken into custody on the charge of murderously assaulting his mother. Prisoner has for some time been an assistant at a draper's, and recently manifested symptoms of insanity. On Tuesday he attempted to strangle his mother in bed, when, fortunately, a policeman being called in, he was prevented from carrying out his object. Mrs. Morris has suffered severely from the attack upon her, and the young man has been placed in confinement.

Mr. B. C. Lloyd, the chairman of the county Waterford, on Monday had sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, with hard labour, a young ruffian named William Christopher, for having wounded his sister with a razor, when the prisoner suddenly drew a stone, which he had concealed about him, and hurled it with great violence at Mr. Lloyd's head. Fortunately he had observed the motion, and, by a sudden change in the position of his head, escaped the missile, which shattered the woodwork at the back of the bench.

An inquest was held at the University College Hospital, on the body of Edward Dowling, aged 27, who committed suicide by means of laudanum. From the evidence of the wife, who had an infant in her arms, it appeared that her husband was a labourer. They had been separated, in consequence of his being out of work. On Wednesday he went to see her, and took a quantity of laudanum, from the effects of which he died at the hospital on Friday. It was shown that he was drunk at the time he took the laudanum, and a verdict of "Suicide with opium, while in a state of intoxication," was returned.

At an inquest held at the Bank of England Tavern, Paddington, on a newly-born male child, found folded in a wrapper of fine linen, in the Regent's canal, at Maida-hill, and which had been born alive, the jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against some persons unknown, and the coroner said there were more murdered children found in Paddington than in any other parish in England.

At Leeds, Matthias Carr was indicted for the manslaughter of Esther Robinson, at Ingleton, on the 2nd of February last. The deceased woman, Esther Robinson, was about seventy years of age, and appears frequently to have expressed a presentiment that she should come to her death by fire-arms. The prisoner is a lad of about seventeen, who was on friendly terms with the deceased, although he and other lads of the village were fond of practising upon her well-known and often-expressed fears. On the evening of the day in question, the prisoner took up an old gun, and presenting it to the deceased said, "I'll shoot thee." The deceased, in great alarm, caught hold of the gun, and in the struggle which ensued it accidentally went off and killed her on the spot, thus verifying the singular presentiment in a most unexpected manner.—The facts of the case having been made clear to the jury a verdict of Not Guilty was returned.

At Chester, Edward Webb was charged with wounding Henry Maurice Templeton, at Great Neston, on the 17th of August, 1866. The evidence went to prove that the prosecutor was an itinerant conjuror and ventriloquist, and was on the above date giving an entertainment at the School-room, Neston. Among the tricks with which he amused the audience was the "gun delusion," in which a person is asked to load a gun with powder—the operator reserving to himself the placing of the ball in the barrel—and then to fire the same at the conjuror. The prisoner placed something out of his pocket in the barrel in the stead of the wad handed to him, and fired, shooting the conjuror with several shots in the arm. For the defence, Mr. Brandt stated that the prisoner was not aware that he was likely to do any hurt, and he was under the idea that the magician had extraordinary means of preventing himself being hit. Verdict, Guilty. Sentence deferred.

A gentleman, 52 years of age, named John Charles Waugh, who had been lodging for some time past at No. 12, Royal-crescent, Ramsgate, on Thursday last was noticed walking along the West Cliff, between Pegwell Bay and Ramsgate. The cliff at this part is between 70 and 80 feet in height above the shingle at its base. Suddenly Mr. Waugh disappeared, and a dog that was with him was observed peering over the edge of the cliff for several minutes. The gentleman had fallen over, and his dead body was found lying on the shore beneath. All his ribs on one side were broken into small pieces, and the lower cervical vertebrae were dislocated and fractured. There were marks on the cliff which led to the belief that by pure accident the deceased had walked over the verge of the precipice. The coroner for Kent having conducted a careful inquiry into the circumstances, the jury found a verdict of Accidental Death.

## THE WAR IN CENTRAL ASIA.

In our last we gave two illustrations of the tribes engaged in this war, and the costumes and accoutrements of the natives of the adjoining states. In our present number we give an illustration of another of these native tribes, viz., a troupe of Koords on the march.

Of the Cretan insurrection, it is stated from a Greek source that after three days' fighting, Basilios, at the head of a large number of insurgents, has beaten and repulsed the Turks as far as the camp at Rethymnos. Hadji Michaelio is also reported to have gained a victory over the Turks near Canea.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond have imported, regardless of expense, a bevy of British barmaids, all, of course, surprisingly fair, and the arrangement of the back-hair and their frontal "fizzigs"—if that be the name for the curious bosses of frizzled curls with which young ladies now adorn their temples—reflects the highest credit on that art of which Truefitt is the high priest. The French have gone wild over the pretty barmaids.

## DELIBERATE MURDER.

At about six o'clock on Saturday evening a murder of the most deliberate kind was committed at Birmingham. It appears that Mr. John Pryse, brother to one of the partners in the firm of Messrs. Redman and Pryse, gunmakers, of Aston, Birmingham, had discovered that the cashier, James Scott, who is only twenty-two years of age, had been tampering with the accounts. He was called into the office and charged with several defalcations. When he learned that Mr. John Pryse had made the discovery the prisoner went straight from the office to the gun department, where he selected a seven-barrelled revolver, ready loaded, and returned to the room in which his victim was seated. Without saying a word, he deliberately shot Mr. Pryse through the body. The report of the pistol attracted attention, and Mr. Redman and his partner ran to see what had happened. They were just in time to see the prisoner fire a second shot, and so kill his victim. The brother of the deceased took hold of the prisoner, and had the utmost difficulty in wresting the revolver from his hands. He succeeded at last, and then struck the prisoner about the head with it, wounding him severely. A constable was called in, but it was necessary to move the prisoner to the General Hospital. The prisoner is said to be well connected.

The other morning as a train was leaving the station at Sens, France, a man rushed into the middle of the line and stood still with his hands in his pocket, and although the engine-driver blew the whistle and reversed the engine the man was knocked down and thrown under the wheels. From a letter found on him it appeared that he was a cook at Paris, named Alfred Petit, and that his despair at having been refused by a young woman to whom he was attached led him to commit the fatal act.

The opening line from Calais to Boulogne on Monday, by which the journey from London to Paris is considerably shortened, came most opportunely with the opening of the Great Exhibition in the French capital. The trains will leave Calais twenty minutes later, and arrive at the same time as at present. The French Post-office has decided on leaving the twenty minutes for the boats, so as to insure the more punctual starting of the trains from Calais. The night mail train from Paris will arrive a quarter-of-an-hour sooner. This will enable the English Post-office authorities to start the train from Dover at four a.m. instead of 4.30, and distribute the Continental letters by the first instead of the second delivery.

There seems to be now but faint hope of much rain falling this season in Malta. These islands were visited with one or two brief passing showers during the week, but the pluviometer registered little more than a quarter of an inch. Most of the crops are either entirely destroyed, or are in a wretched condition, and should there be no more rain no cotton crop can be expected this year. Altogether, there is prospect of much distress in the summer. The temperature has been unusually warm even for a Malta winter.

The Life and Labours of the late John Campbell, D.D., we learn, are in course of preparation, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, and the Rev. Dr. Brown, of Cheltenham, assisted by his son. The work is largely from the doctor's own pen, and the material prepared by his own hand. It will be shortly published by John Snow and Co., of Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, London.

Hyde Park and the Green Park are henceforth to be under the government of the metropolitan police. This change can hardly be otherwise than an improvement. It is announced that the carriage-way through Hyde Park is to be kept open till midnight. Gas will, let us hope, be the next innovation.

At a religious meeting last week, at Church-street Chapel, Camberwell, an "unconverted" visitor paid for two sixpenny tea tickets with a bad halfcrown, and, after doing Gargantuan trencher feats, departed ere the collection with three purses abstracted from the pockets of absorbed hearers.

It was reported to the Court of Common Council on Thursday last that the tenements contained in the large block of improved dwellings, built by the City at a cost of £54,000, in Farringdon-road, are all occupied, and that there is scarcely any doubt about this enterprise being self-supporting. Indeed, the report of the Improvement Committee on the subject holds out the hope of a permanent dividend of not less than 4 per cent. per annum.

A man named Hawes was walking along the towing-path of the Grand Junction Canal, Paddington, when he saw something in the water which appeared to be a human body. He at once gave information at the police-station, and then returned back to the spot, in company with Mr. Inspector Hepburn, Sergeant Rouse, and two constables of the X division of police, and Mr. J. S. Beale, of 19, Porteus-road, divisional surgeon. A drag was procured, and the next moment the body of a woman was brought on to the towing-path. She is about thirty-five years of age, wore a wedding-ring, was clad in mourning, but was without a bonnet. Her face, head, and body, show several marks of violence. Clashed tightly in her arms was the body of a fine child, of about eighteen months old, which wore a grey cloak, brown stuff dress, three petticoats, and side-spring boots. There was no covering on the child's head. Its position denoted that it had struggled hard to get away from the dead woman who held it. Mr. Beale has ascertained that both bodies had been in the water several hours. The woman and child are now in the Paddington dead-house awaiting identification and a coroner's inquest.

GREAT SCIENTIFIC MEN OF HUMBLE ORIGIN.—Among those who have given the greatest impulse to the sublime science of astronomy, we find Copernicus, the son of a Polish baker; Kepler, the son of a German public-house keeper, and himself *garçon de cabaret*; d'Alenbert, a foundling picked up one winter's night on the steps of the church of St. Jean le Rond at Paris, and brought up by the wife of a glazier; and Newton and Laplace, the one the son of a small freeholder near Grantham, the other the son of a poor peasant of Beaumont-en-Auge, near Honfleur. The father of Lagrange, the astronomer and mathematician, held the office of Treasurer of War at Turin; but having ruined himself by speculations, his family were reduced to poverty. To this circumstance Lagrange was in after life accustomed partly to attribute his own fame and happiness. "Had I been rich," said he, "I should probably not have become a mathematician."

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal, fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent, carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR, BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.



OBITUARY.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

The death is announced of the Bishop of Rochester, which took place suddenly at ten o'clock on Saturday night. The late Right Rev. Joseph Cotton Wigram, Lord Bishop of Rochester, was son of the late Sir Robert Wigram, first baronet, by his second wife, the youngest daughter of Mr. J. Watts. The right rev. prelate was born in 1798, and married, in 1837, the daughter of Mr. Peter Arkwright, of Willesley, Matlock. He went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained a scholarship. He was sixth wrangler, and graduated B.A. in 1820. In 1822 he was ordained. He was consecrated bishop in 1860, and was the 6th Bishop of Rochester, the see—one of the oldest in England—having been founded in 601. The episcopal jurisdiction includes the city and deanery of Rochester, the counties of Hertford and Essex, excepting ten parishes in the latter county.

The death of Dr. Wigram places at Lord Derby's disposal the first bishopric he has had to fill up during his present premiership. On the last occasion of his lordship being in power, the only see to which he had to appoint was that of Bangor. The late Bishop of Rochester was to have preached at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday morning last, and his place was taken by the Bishop of Ely. Dr. Wigram died, as we are informed, while writing his sermon on Saturday night.

**MAKING THE BEST OF IT.**—The *Liberty* deserves the prize in the art of "making the best of it." It has undertaken to prove to the French how very useful the Mexican expedition has really been. If the French soldiers, it says, had not been at San Luis Potosi, the great meteorite which Humboldt saw in the town of Choros in 1811, and which he has described in his Spanish journey, would never have got to France, whilst now it is placed in the Mineralogical Gallery in Paris, where everybody can go and see it. It weighs no less than 780 kilogrammes, and would be worth twenty-two millions, if it were of gold. But, big as it is, it seems to form part only of a bigger block. The *Liberty* does not exactly say that a second military expedition for the purpose of bringing home that bigger block ought forthwith to be organised. It leaves its readers to draw their own conclusion.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**PROBABLE TERMINATION OF THE STRIKE IN THE BUILDING TRADE AT YORK.**—For the past five weeks the masons, bricklayers, plasterers, and labourers of York have been on the "turn-out," in consequence of their employers insisting upon the adoption of payment by the hour instead of by the day. A meeting of the employers of these branches of labour was, however, held yesterday, when it was resolved that, though they were as fully impressed as ever with the importance of the hour system, yet as they had every reason to suppose that this question would in a short time be settled by the National Association, they thought it desirable to allow the men to resume work on the day principle as before the present strike. This resolution has been communicated to the workmen, who, it is expected, will come in again on Monday morning.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

**SUPPOSED SUICIDE AND MURDER.**—Yesterday morning a man named Hawes was walking along the towing-path at the Grand Junction Canal, Paddington, when he saw something in the water which appeared to be a human body. He gave information at the police-station, a drag was procured, and the body of a woman brought out. She is apparently 35 years of age, wore a wedding-ring, was clad in mourning, but was without bonnet. Her face, head, and body showed several marks of violence. Clasped tightly in her arms was the body of a fine child, of about 18 months old. Its position denoted that it had struggled hard to get away from the dead woman. The woman and child are now in the Paddington dead-house awaiting identification and a coroner's inquest.

**THE SALMON FISHERIES.**—A great improvement has taken place during the past week in the salmon fisheries of Cumberland, and large quantities of salmon have been captured during the last few days. The river Eden was never known to be so full of fish. As many as forty salmon were seen rising in the course of as many minutes in one pool on Wednesday. The Salmon Fishery Commissioners open their inquiry at Carlisle this week. Upon their decisions will depend the fate of many thousands of "poke nets," which at present exist upon the shores of the Solway, near the estuaries of the Eden and the Esk, and which are most detrimental to the fisheries in those rivers. The inquiry will not extend to the fixed engines upon the Scotch side.

An original opera bouffe, in three acts, founded upon a Venetian subject, the libretto by Alfred Thompson, and the music by Virginia Gabriel, is to be performed at Lady Collier's early in May.

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**GALVANISM** is used at the present day for the relief or cure of various Diseases. Patients suffering from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Paralysis, Contraction of the Muscles, Softening of the Brain, Constipation of the Bowels, Asthma, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, General Debility, Weakness, &c., &c., frequently derive the greatest benefit from the use of galvanism, and a vast number are permanently cured.

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- Magneto-Electric Coil, in mahogany cases, requiring no battery or acids, 21s., 30s., 35s., and 3 guineas.
- Medical Coil, Battery, &c. (Faulkner's), 3 guineas to 2 guineas.
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A good Electrical Machine, in case, with Apparatus, 50s.

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Experiments.—Heads of Hair, 2s. 6d.; Pith Figures, 1s.; Pith Balls, 1s. per dozen; Buckets, 1s. 6d.; Electrical Bells, 5s., 7s. 6d., and 6s., set of 3; set of 4 on stand, 20s.; Aurora Borealis tubes, 15s. and 20s.; spiral tubes, 1 foot, 2s. 6d. and 3s.; 18 inch, 7s. 6d.; 3 feet, 10s. 6d.; Whirl, 2s. 6d.; Leyden Jars, second-hand, 1s. 6d. to 5s.; new, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s.

Diamond Jars, 5s.; Universal Discharging Tables, 15s. and 20s.; Electrical Pistols, 4s. 6d.; Cannon, 8s.; Dischargers, 2s. 6d. to 3s.; Double-jointed ditto, 5s. and 6s.; Ortery, 4s. 6d.

Glass Leg Stools, 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. Electrophorus, 5s. and 10s.

Brass Balls, 3d. to 2s. 6d.; Brass Chain, 3d. to 6d. per yard; Tinful, 2d. and 3d. per sheet.

Brass Conductors, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s.; Glass Cylinders, 2s., 2s. 6d., and upwards.

Electrical Current, 3d. per oz.; Electrometer, 4s. 6d. Powder House, 10s.

A large Electrical Machine, on mahogany table, 30s.

Steam Engines, new, warranted, 14s., 20s., 25s.; second-hand ditto, 10s., 20s.

A first-rate Horizontal Steam Engine, with Copper Boiler, on stand, complete, 22 10s. A first-rate Table Engine, all gun metal, cost £10, price 21.

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New Small's Flat Batteries, 3 pint, 9s. Carbon Batteries, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d. Set of 9 square ditto, 21 10s. Platinum Batteries, 8s., 10s., 15s.

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RHUMKORFF COIL gives  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in.

spark. Battery, Vacuum Tube, Revolving Stand for ditto, Leyden Plate and Wires, only 23s.

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